



No. 310.—Vol. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



[Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

LADY IVEAGH, THE WIFE OF THE MUNIFICENT MILLIONAIRE.

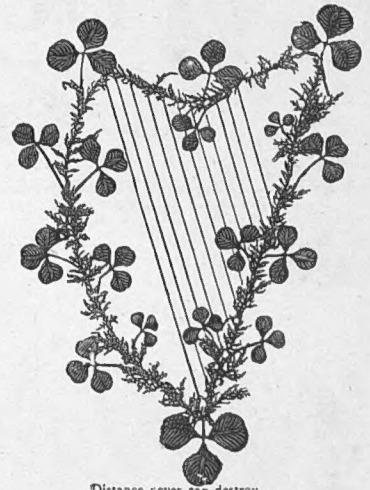
Her ladyship, who was once Miss Adelaide Guinness, married her kinsman, then p'ain Mr. Edward Cecil Guinness, in 1873. In 1885 she became Lady Guinness, and in 1891 she was transformed into Baroness Iveagh. She has three sons, but no daughters.

SOME OF THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS CARDS.



Accept
the united Good Wishes
of
Mr. & Mrs. Howden
for a
Bright and Happy Christmas.

Edgemount,
Wimbledon.



Distance never can destroy,
Affections tie or Friendships joy.
So even though thou'rt far away,
Remember me this Christmas Day

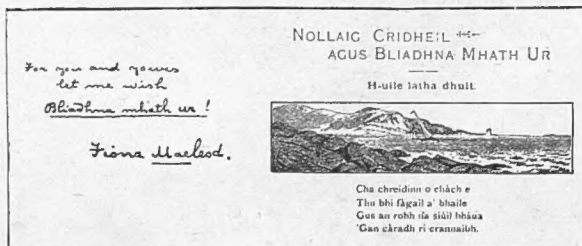
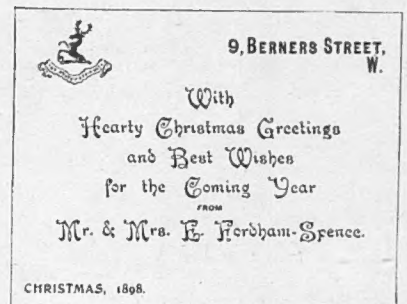
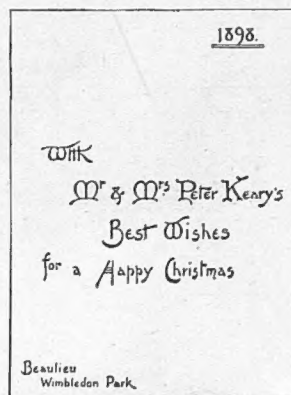
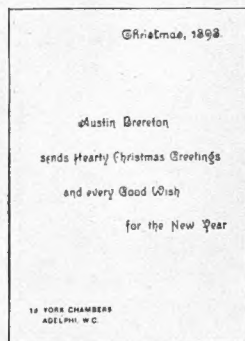
FROM A DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN.



FROM AN ENGLISH CHILD IN SINGAPORE.

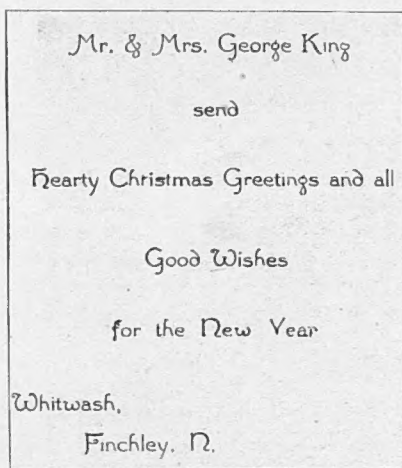
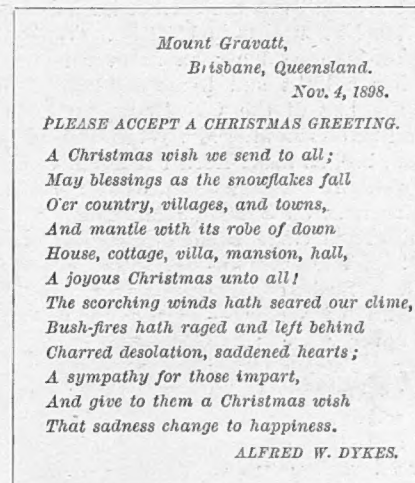
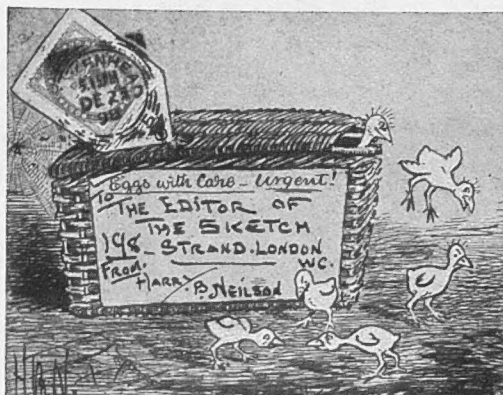
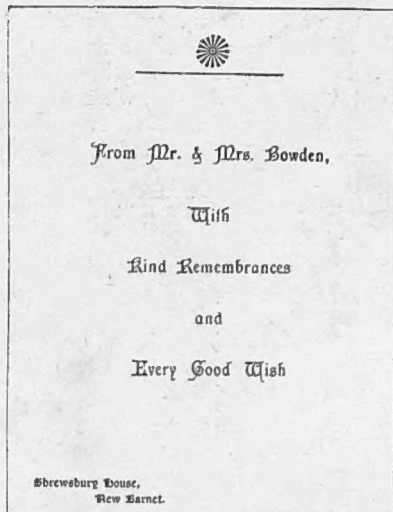


FROM MR. HENRY HESS.



Wishing you a Prosperous
New Year
from
Clive Holland

SOME OF THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS CARDS.



Dear Mr. Editor,—I come to wish you a jolly Christmas, and to tell you I am a great admirer of "The Sketch" pictures; in fact, my nursery is entirely papered with them. Good luck and long life to you and to "The Sketch."—Yours, for the Pictures, BABY HAZEL.

FROM MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.



FROM ROSE DOROTHEA FOWNES, AGED 18 MONTHS.



THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

WHO SAYS SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN?

"A sand-bag," was the epithet hurled at Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman by Irish Nationalists in 1884-85. Why "sand-bag"? Sir Henry is as pleasant-mannered a man as ever reached a high place in Parliament, and has a light and humorous touch. Why, then, "sand-bag"? He was the last of the Chief Secretaries for Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's second Government. Mr. W. E. Forster, the first and greatest, retired a baffled, broken man; Lord Frederick Cavendish was struck down without being able to prove his goodwill; Sir George Trevelyan's hair became grey as he, "an English gentleman," quivered under the attacks of the Irish. Then came the Scot! The Nationalists, flushed with the *elan* of victory—and never were there better Parliamentary fighters—fell upon him with sarcasm and railery and denunciation, personal and political. On the new Secretary, however, they made no impression. The Scotchman sat on the Treasury Bench unmoved. He ventured on no reprisals, but his impassive attitude baffled his assailants. So they called him a "sand-bag," and the epithet was a confession.

Brothers sometimes sit on opposite sides of the House of Commons. Colonel Harcourt, elder brother of the last Leader of the Opposition, sat opposite to Sir William, and was as sturdy in his Conservatism as the latter has been aggressive in his Liberalism. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has also a brother on the Conservative side, the Right Honourable James Alexander Campbell, a safe, much-respected man of modest demeanour and moderate opinions, who was recently honoured—although never in office—by being placed on the Privy Council. Their father was a merchant in Glasgow, who, being Lord Provost at the time of the Prince of Wales's birth, was knighted. He married the daughter of a great Manchester merchant, Henry Bannerman, and his younger son, now Sir Henry, assumed the maternal name in addition to the

patronymic under the will of an uncle. For thirty years Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has represented the faithful City of Stirling. Few members have a longer record. His career has been of the slow, plodding sort, and he served in several offices before being taken into the Cabinet. It now depends on himself whether he is to be the new Leader of the Opposition. If it had depended on himself he would have been Speaker of the House. He was willing to take the post when last it was vacant. "I am an indolent man," he said to friends, perhaps partly in fun; "and it would suit me to sit in the Chair, doing nothing." The Conservatives were prepared to accept him, but he could not be spared by his own colleagues. A better Speaker than Mr. Gully he could not have been. Yet his even temperament and his fair-mindedness would have fitted him for the post most admirably.

In one respect, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has already tried his hand at leadership. He is the chairman of the Scottish Liberal members,

and to lead these gentlemen has never been an easy task. Most of them are painfully strenuous, and take themselves more seriously than anybody or anything else. To hold such a team together in recent years during dissensions on the front Opposition bench, where so many Scottish members sit, has been a particularly delicate achievement, and the success of their chairman proves that he possesses some, at least, of the qualifications of a Leader.

What is the cause of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's popularity? It is purely a Parliamentary popularity. On the country at large he has

no hold, and the same might have been said of the late Mr. W. H. Smith. The outside world, so far as it interests itself in the matter, takes his reputation on credit. He is known to the outsider merely as a "canny" man and a reliable administrator. His platform speeches are characterised by moderation and common sense, but they are not eloquent or lively, and, in this speaking age, oratory and electioneering count for a great deal. How is it, then, that Sir Henry is one of the most popular men in Parliament, and that so many Liberals have pointed him out as the best man for the post of Leader of the Opposition? The whole House likes him because he is fair and good-natured, because he puts on no airs, never seeks to wound an opponent personally, has not a drop of rancour in his veins, but has a frank word and a smile for everybody.

Liberals favour him for reasons of their own. He is the most accessible man on their front bench; he curries no man's favour, and he fears nobody; he has held himself free from intrigues, serving Lord Rosebery loyally in office, and acting openly with Sir William Harcourt in their own House. They appreciate his staunchness and level-headedness; they see that his conciliatory manner, and light, humorous touch, may minimise differences and remove difficulties. That he is

not a first-class fighting-man, everybody knows. He is a man of the world almost more than a politician. It is in his favour that he is rich, because parties like leaders with fine houses; but he is not fond of drudgery; he does not care to dine night after night at St. Stephen's, and he dislikes to remain in London after the end of July. When August comes he escapes to the Continent. The bores who haggle over the Estimates in the Dog Days try even his equable temper. It is sometimes said that he is fond of French novels. Sir Henry is not so familiar as Mr. Asquith is with the Leader of the House, but no doubt the two great men would have as many consultations as there were in Sir William Harcourt's time behind the Speaker's Chair. It was Sir William's habit to call Mr. Balfour "Arthur." Perhaps a Scottish Leader of the Opposition would be more formal. And how would Mr. Balfour address Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman? Would he imitate Sir Henry's colleagues, and call him "C. B."?



THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



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EVERY EVENING at 9, THE MANGEUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones.
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 MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15.
 EXTRA MATINEES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and WEDNESDAY NEXT, Jan. 11.

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 Preceded at 8 by a new duologue, THE LADY BOOKIE. By Cyril Hallward.
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 SPECIAL MATINEE THIS DAY (WEDNESDAY) at 3. Box Office 10 to 10.

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Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards.

Early Entrance Fee, 6d. extra.

Owing to the stupendously large Show and the general magnitude of the Exhibitions,
 necessitating great preparations, the Menageries, Freak, and Illusion Departments can only be
 open from 12 to 4.15 p.m., and from 6 to 10.30 p.m.

Every ticket entitling holder to a Reserved Numbered Seat and admitting to all Advertised
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Prices: Amphitheatre, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., and 7s. 6d., according to location; Arena Box Seats, 7s.;
 Private Boxes, £2 15s. and £3 3s. Special Prices for Royal Box when not engaged. Children
 between 4 and 10 years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. Seats. Box Office open from 9 a.m.
 to 9.30 p.m. 1s. and 2s. Seats on sale only after doors open. All other Seats may be booked in
 advance at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

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SEASON. Delightfully mild though bracing climate. CASINO OPEN ALL THE YEAR
 ROUND. Concerts and Balls. Excellent shooting, skating, and Tobogganing. During the
 Winter Season the Best Hotels offer an Inclusive Tariff (with fire) at 10 francs per dieu. For
 all information apply to M. Jule's C. Chay, Secretary.

MR. PENLEY AS CONNIE'S UNCLE.

Mr. Penley is acting again, so one more pleasure is given to the lives of many playgoers. His appearance at the Royalty, in "A Little Ray of Sunshine," caused an outburst of applause which must have gratified him greatly. The new piece, of which Messrs. Mark Ambient and Walton Heriot are authors, seems well calculated to exploit the curious humours of the popular actor. Some aristocratic young people, whose style hardly suggests their station, are in difficulties because one of them, Sir Philip Ashton, has mortgaged Ashton Hall in order to raise £25,000 wherewith to help Dick Markham, whose sister Connie he is to marry on Christmas Day. Default is made, and the money-lender comes down to claim his estate. Sir Philip tells nothing of the matter to his *fiancée*, who, fortunately, is not the kind of girl to grumble because he does not disclose to her his sudden and disastrous change of position. Now, all the family has been expecting the arrival of Dick's Uncle Gerard, Lord Markham, who went out years before to Australia to make a fortune. When Markham—that is to say, Mr. Penley—arrives and enters unannounced, he proves a puzzle to everybody. The men fancy that he is Dobbs, the money-lender, and, to avoid alarming the ladies, pretend that he is old Green, the college tutor and dun and trainer, and the man from Wilson the cake-maker's, and the parlourmaid's uncle from Australia, and he is bundled out of the house half-a-dozen times. He accepts all this with the greatest gaiety, and expresses his amusement to the audience in lengthy soliloquies. Of course, the real Dobbs turns up, and he is taken for Lord Markham, and, thinking that the people are making fun of him—"pulling his leg," is his phrase—gets most indignant and determines to take the harshest measures, and the calamity is apparently inevitable. In the point of time, the sham Dobbs meets the real, learns his business, and agrees to pay off all the money at once. After this, posing as Dobbs, he inquires into the origin of the loan, and finds, to his joy, that the young people have been foolish rather than wicked, so he promises that they shall not suffer. It is not, however, till the clock is striking midnight that the old gentleman discloses his identity, and so everyone rejoices on the Christmas Day. Mr. W. S. Penley delighted the audience by his quaint acting as Lord Markham, and the rest of a very well-drilled company worked admirably, particularly in the case of Miss Jessie Bateman and Mr. Reeves Smith. Not since Dickens from season to season commanded our tears and our laughter with such a powerful grip of our emotions have we come in contact with anything so thoroughly seasonable in the good old-fashioned sense. I laughed uproariously over the first and the second acts, and I well-nigh cried over the third. The niece's recognition of her uncle in the closing scene is the most pathetic situation that the stage has known for many a day.

MRS. ATKINS.

To Tommy all the glory,
 To us wimmen all the fag,
 So s'welp me, that's the story
 In a bloomin' paper bag.
 Oh, I goes out charin' every day
 Till my back is nearly broke,
 Comin' 'ome to 'ear the byby cry—
 Life ain't no bloomin' joke.
 The Kurnil's wife she visits us,
 She preaches Gord, and soap;
 She makes a nice, infernal fuss;
 She's gone—I can't but mope.
 It's an 'ellish 'ole is Indyer,
 T'aint no bloomin' coral strand,
 An' ivery hand's agin yer
 In that orful thirsty land.
 I've a nigger 'elp call'd Abdul—
 'E's a devil who'll be dam'd;
 'E's the larst drop in the cupful
 O' a life with worry cramm'd.
 'E thumps the byby on the 'cad,
 Gives it hopperum to eat,
 And when the critter looks like dead
 'E says 'ts the bally heat.
 Me 'usband 'e's a worry too,
 An' he gits right out o' 'and,
 The Kurnil's lydy's ayah, Lu,
 An' he flirt at the band.
 I'd like to punch 'er ugly 'ead,
 An' comb Jim's sandy 'air;
 I orfen wishes I were dead,
 An' free from karkin' care.
 For Tommy 'as the glory,
 An' the wimmen 'as the grind;
 It's just the old, old story
 O' the woman left be'ind.
 Rudyard Kiplin 'e's a poet,
 O' that there ain't no doubt;
 But 'e writes 'is bloomin' poems,
 An' 'e leaves the wimmen out.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

For JANUARY contains

STORIES AND ARTICLES

BY WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.

NUMEROUS COLOURED PICTURES.

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

SEVERAL NEW FEATURES.

OFFICE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

If anyone wishes to become the possessor of a historic dwelling, as an auctioneer would say, a favourable opportunity offers. The beautiful riverside mansion known as Marble Hill, situated on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham, is for sale. This house was originally built at the cost of George II. for Mrs. Henrietta Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, and Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline. The designs were drawn by the Earl of Pembroke. The interior is plain: the only noteworthy feature is the staircase, which is entirely composed of carved mahogany, while the flooring of some of the rooms is formed of the same material. The wood was brought from Honduras, where the trees were cut on such a lavish scale, without the leave of the Court of Spain, that it is said to have nearly involved the country in a war. Mrs. Howard was at this time surrounded by quite a little Court of eminent men. Her gardens were laid out by Pope, who further immortalised her as Chloe, "formed without a spot"; Swift, the Dean of St. Patrick's, was her chief butler and keeper of the ice-house, and Arbuthnot and Gay were frequent visitors. Later in life, she numbered Horace Walpole among her friends, for she lived to her eightieth year, dying at Marble Hill in 1767. The house was then occupied for a short time by her brother John, Earl of Buckingham, but was subsequently let to Mrs. Fitzherbert, at that time privately married to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV. Among other distinguished persons who resided in later years at Marble Hill were the Marquis of Wellesley, the Governor-General of India, and General Peel, the younger brother of Sir Robert Peel. The place is now in the market, and perhaps Swift's jesting prophecy in his "Pastoral Dialogue between Marble Hill and Richmond Lodge," which he places in the mouth of the former house, will now be fulfilled—

Some South-Sea broker
from the City
Will purchase me, the
more's the pity;
Lay all my fine planta-
tions waste,
To fit them for his
vulgar taste.

An interesting expedition will shortly start for Hadra Maout, in order to explore this almost unknown land, the realm of the Queen of Sheba, and from whence incense, frankincense, and myrrh did come. It is to be headed by Count Landberg, former Consul-General of Norway and Sweden, who is, at the present moment, in Cairo making preparation for the journey into this remote part of Arabia. The funds for the expedition are being provided by the Imperial Academy of Science in Vienna.

The followers of Mr. John Kensit do not always seem to have a first-class time. I came across one of them on Christmas Day. He stood outside a very "high" church as the congregation emerged from morning service full of goodwill to men. He held an open Bible or Prayer-Book in one hand, and with the other pointed to certain passages that seemed to him to be of special interest. The remarks he felt called upon to make were strong and very much to the point, but they were not calculated to give pleasure to the Pope. In point of fact, they did not even please their audience. The worshippers included a goodly sprinkling of young gentlemen who have just reached years of indiscretion and muscular development, and they had scant regard for the fiery, red-headed upholder of Protestantism. They hustled the worthy gentleman first round one corner and then round another; he dodged them with more agility than dignity, and forcibly remarked that it would soon be too late to draw into the right paths such congregants as

refused to attend to his present warnings. The sense and weight of the assembly were against the indefatigable one, and he went near to enjoying the experiences of the brave gentleman who, returning late one night from a public-house, tried to stop a fire-engine, under the impression that it was running away. As a turn in the road hid me from sight, a flutter of leaves from his book came down the wind. I feared to wait, lest some tufts of red hair and a scalp should follow suit. Never before did I realise how much pluck is required to enable a man to stand up and tell his fellow men and women that, if he is right, they are wrong. Should these lines find the sturdy Protestant in hospital, it will doubtless comfort him to know he enjoys my sympathy.

Bank Holiday is no longer what it was. I do not say this regretfully, but rather with pleasure, for I have noted during the past few years far less drunkenness and rowdiness than were formerly apparent. There was a time when hundreds and thousands of people marked off these days for a drunken orgie. I remember being told by a large employer

of labour that the wives of some of his work-people would often come to him when there was a great pressure of business and ask him to allow their husbands to come to work on Bank Holiday. I myself have known men who marked down these holidays for drink just as we would mark down an ordinary business or social engagement. Nowadays there is more restraint, even if there is not much more temperance. The great railway termini always held a large number of very drunken people a few years ago, particularly on Christmas Eve and Bank Holidays. The spirit of tolerance was abroad, and the officials had a large number of extra trains to run, so the hilarious ones were helped home. Of late there has been far less of this, and I have inquired of the men on duty at several places of popular resort. They all say the same thing: there are fewer drunken people than there were ten

years ago. As an amusement, the drunken man, in certain phases of his complaint, is more amusing than Arthur Roberts, Dan Leno, and Little Tich put together; but he does not make for pride in our national greatness; his mood is apt to vary very suddenly, and, all things considered, it is well that he should become beautifully less.

Mr. G. T. Miller, the popular bandmaster of the Portsmouth Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, has at last received his commission. Hitherto, he has ranked merely as a warrant-officer, though he is a Bachelor of Music of Cambridge, a Licentiate of the Royal Academy, and a member of the Board of Examiners in Bandmastership at the Royal Academy. His band frequently plays before the Queen at Osborne, and Lieutenant Miller, as he now is, possesses a gold-mounted bâton presented to him by Her Majesty, as well as the Jubilee Medal. This is the first promotion of a bandmaster to commissioned rank since Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, of the Grenadier Guards, was honoured in the Jubilee year. Lieutenant Miller has two companions in his good fortune—Mr. C. Godfrey, of the Royal Horse Guards, and Cavaliere L. Zavertal, Royal Artillery—both of whom have received commissions.

The bright terrier which I picture on this page is the property of Mr. Crawford McFall, Carleton, Pontefract.



BELLE, WHO IS AN IRISH TERRIER, WISHES YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

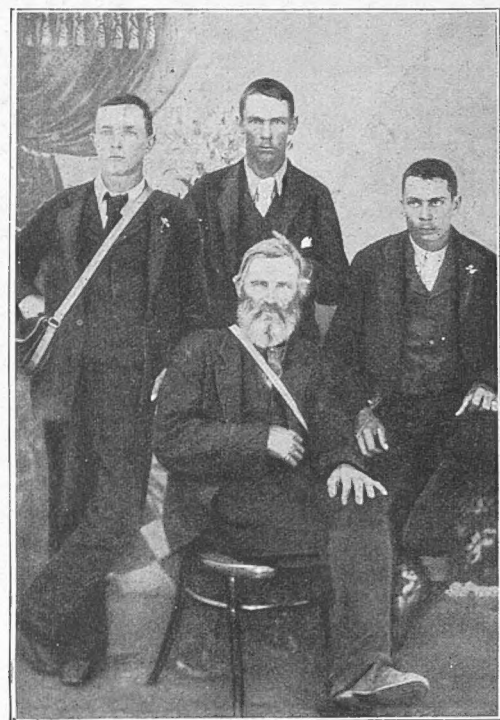
A Calcutta correspondent sends me a specimen of "Baboo English." This speech was actually made before a civilian magistrate at Barisal a short time ago—

My learned friend with mere wind from a teapot thinks to browbeat me from my legs. But this is mere gorilla warfare. I stand under the shoes of my client, and only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your Honour's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet-anchors of my case. Your Honour will be pleased enough to observe that my client is a widow—a poor chap with one post-mortem son. A widow of this country, your Honour will be pleased enough to observe, is not like a widow of your Honour's country. A widow of this country is not able to eat more than one meal a-day, or to wear clean clothes, or to look after a man. So my poor client has not such physic or mind as to be able to assault the lusty complainant. Yet she has been deprived of some of her more valuable leather—the leather of her nose. My learned friend has thrown only an argument *ad honing* upon my teeth that my client's witness are all her own relations. But they are not near relations. Their relationship is only homoeopathic. So the misty arguments of my learned friend will not hold water. At least, they will not hold good water. Then my learned friend has said that there is on the side of his client a respectable witness—namely, a pleader—and, since this witness is independent, so he should be believed. But your Honour, with your Honour's vast experience, is pleased enough to observe that truthfulness is not so plentiful as blackberries in this country. And I am sorry to say, though this witness is a man of my own feathers, that there are in my profession black sheep of every complexion, and some of them do not always speak gospel truth. Until the witness explains what has become of my client's nose-leather, he cannot be believed. He cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush. So, trusting in that administration of British justice on which the sun never sits, I close my case.

The occupancy of a position of trust for a period of fifty years is an occurrence so rare as to invest it with especial interest. When, however, a medical man can claim a record of over half-a-century in the same

locality the case may be regarded as phenomenal. In recognition of disinterested and unremitting services extending over the above series of years, the friends of Dr. John Burns, of the Bridge-ton Division of Glasgow, have entertained him to dinner, and presented him with his portrait in oils, which the doctor handed over to the Corporation, in whose galleries it will henceforth be exhibited. Dr. Burns has been a lifelong friend of Lord Lister.

The Boers can fight. This old man has fought in all the Boer wars. He was at Majuba Hill, and declares that he was one of those who shot General Colley. Almost every old Boer warrior that was at Majuba



A VETERAN BOER WARRIOR.

Photo by Alwell.

says it was he who shot Colley, so that the General must have had a few hundred bullets in him. When the Magota War broke out his three boys did not want the veteran to go. But go he would, to show them how to win.

In this connection I give a reproduction of the most curious Christmas card I have received this year. It is a photograph of the cross erected over the grave of Jameson's troopers. I am indebted to Mr. John Lewthwaite, of the Durban Roodepoort Gold-mining Company, for the picture.

A successful toreador published his receipts a short time ago. During the *corrida* season he took part in sixty-five fights and killed a hundred and thirty-three bulls. His net profit was £12,000, and the only injuries he sustained were a bruise on his foot and a rather bad wound in the leg. The risks run are, of course, great; but the men are so extraordinarily agile that grave accidents really seldom occur. Sometimes one will be badly gored, but a week or two of hospital will generally set him on his legs again. It is strange what influence these men, often uneducated and proceeding from the lowest classes, have over the masses. They are courted and feared, and even the larger newspapers of Madrid are careful to give nothing but praise to them, for fear of incurring their enmity.

The many music-lovers who rejoice every Saturday in the wonderful organ-recitals at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, must feel they owe a debt of gratitude to the musician who can interpret so well all the beauty and mystery of the great masterpieces of sound. Mr. Edwin H. Lemare, who was born in the Isle of Wight in 1865, is the son of a Professor of Music, and so had the advantage of early musical training.

He studied the pianoforte and the organ at the same time, and at the age of twelve he won the Goss Scholarship and entered the Royal Academy of Music. There he devoted himself mainly to the pianoforte, which he studied under Mr. Walter Macfarren, while Dr. E. H. Turpin was his master for orchestration, harmony, and counterpoint. The excellence of his work since has been acknowledged by his election as a

Fellow of the Academy; but during his stay he did not gain any startling success, and left with only a bronze medal. He then took up work as an organist, holding church appointments first at Cardiff and afterwards at Sheffield, and in both places making his mark by giving organ-recitals to crowded audiences. He subsequently came to Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square, and, on Canon Eyton's transference to St. Margaret's, Mr. Lemare followed him, and soon raised the music at that church to its present high position.



MR. E. H. LEMARE.

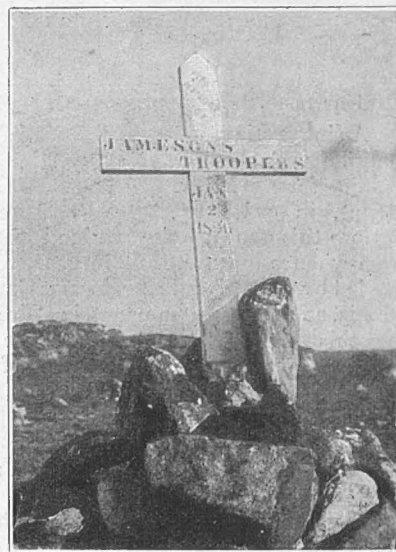
Photo by Barrauds, Limited, Oxford Street, W.

The border-town of Hawick is likely to gain another distinction from its close association in times past with certain members of the Gladstone family. This Lowland branch of the Gladstones seems at one time to have owned the whole Vale of Slitrig, in the neighbourhood of Hawick, where for three or four generations members of the family held the position of town-clerk. They were strong adherents, as appears from the old manuscripts of Cavers House, of the Stuarts during the Jacobite risings, and at a cottage in Upper Village, adjoining the town, a white rose-bush, which the Gladstones cultivated as a mark of their adherence to the Pretender's cause, is still pointed out as a link with the old family. This rose-bush has inspired the muse of a local bard, who relates—

It was planted there by loyal hands,
And was watered by their tears,
Mid the many hopes and fears
That Royal Charlie yet would claim
His ain kailyard.

A grandnephew of the late Mr. Gladstone has been interesting himself regarding the connection of his forbears with Hawick, and is collecting material with a view to the publication of a volume on the Gladstones. Some of the facts brought to light will likely be incorporated in Mr. Morley's monumental work.

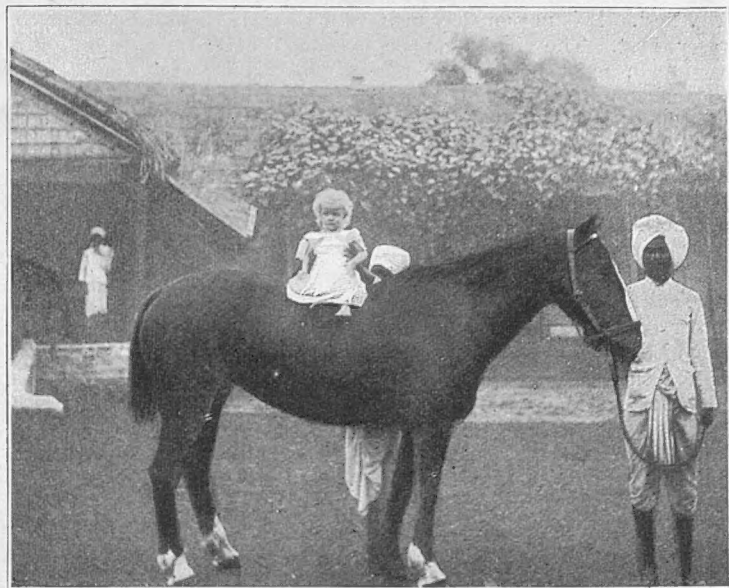
There have been numerous chimerical schemes advanced from time to time by land reformers for the practical utilisation of the deer-forests and waste lands of the Scottish Highlands; but, curiously enough, one never heard of any plan to turn the water of the Highland lochs to practical account until a scheme of this nature is within measurable distance of actual accomplishment. Parliamentary powers granting permission to utilise the water of Loch Ericht in Perthshire and convey it to Loch Leven in Argyllshire are to be asked in the coming Session. The abundance of water-power in America and Germany for generating electricity at a cheap rate has, it appears, adversely affected British chemical manufacturers, and the proposed scheme, by which a fall of eleven hundred feet at the head of Loch Leven will be obtained, will, it is expected, supply power capable of generating over thirty-seven thousand horse-power. The scheme has, moreover, occasioned, it is asserted, a postponement of the project some large chemical manufacturers had contemplated of transferring their works from this country to the United States. Loch Ericht covers nearly eight square miles of area, and contains a very large volume of water. The diversion is to be effected by means of tunnels and open aqueducts, and the power-houses will be situated near the head of Loch Leven, which is navigable at high tide by vessels drawing fourteen feet. When completed, a new era may dawn for a district at present sparsely inhabited, as it is proposed to establish a number of factories on the shores of Loch Leven.



A CURIOUS CHRISTMAS CARD.

This picture comes to me all the way from South Sylhet, in the Assam tea district. The little lady does not seem quite sure of her seat, so she is held in position by a native servant.

As an occasional traveller—and an inevitably sea-sick one—by the Dover and Calais short, but oh! so very sharp, route, I rejoice to note that



MONARCH OF ALL SHE SURVEYS.

the Government has at length decided to lengthen the Admiralty Pier with all possible speed and skill, while the East Pier is also to be brought level with it. This, it is hoped, will somewhat adjust matters with the raging winds and waves, and qualify, even if it does not quite abate, those heart-rending and soul-sinking bad quarters-of-hours which one now unfailingly experiences when bidding farewell or welcome to one's native cliffs. The west wind blows louder and ruder at Dover, I am well convinced, than in any other quarter or corner of this wind-swept island, as anyone disembarking from a plunging Channel boat while it prevails will readily endorse. To know, therefore, that one may hope to soon breakfast in London and dine in Paris, as per advertisement, without the intervening horrors and upheavals of our present and past estate, is indeed a cheerful hearing.

What could display more clearly the extraordinary differences that exist on the north and south sides of the English Channel than the action for damages brought the other day at Saint Nazaire by a M. Simon, who sat in the last Chamber of Deputies as member for the town, against his successful rival at the elections, M. Montaigu. The libel complained of, for which damages were sought, was contained in a circular issued broadcast by M. Montaigu, declaring that M. Simon was a Freemason, and had confessed the awful fact to the compiler of the circular. The Court spent hours in listening to arguments by counsel for and against the proposition that to call a man a Freemason was to grossly libel him, but could not come to a decision. I think, in the present instance at least, we might almost be justified in uttering the Pharisee's prayer.

This is the boar's head that adorned the hospitable board of Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas Day. The head is a great institution.



THE BOAR'S HEAD AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

This head is prepared by the College Manciple, Mr. W. H. Horne, who every year receives a command from Osborne and Sandringham to supply some of his celebrated brawn, and takes a month to get ready. This year's boar's head weighed 75 lb., and was one of the largest during the five

hundred years that this quaint old ceremony has been in vogue. The value of it is two guineas. The following is the menu which was served on Christmas Day: Boar's head, consommé Victorienne, whitebait, sweetbread au naturelle, vol-au-vent, sirloin of beef, turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pies. Eleven sat down to do justice to the above, including the Senior Proctor (Mr. Walker) and the Bursar (Mr. Armstrong) of Queen's.

Reference was lately made in *The Sketch* to some remarkable clocks in this country. Wonderful as these are in respect to ingenious mechanism, they can hardly be compared with the unique clock which has been completed at Brussels after five years' uninterrupted work. This time-recorder, which weighs about 10,000 lb., is built to represent a church, and indicates the seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, seasons, and the year. Among the mechanical curiosities are forty-six figures, which perform various evolutions. Every hour, for example, the Twelve Apostles make their appearance, march past, and bow before a figure representing the Saviour; there is Death with his scythe, a bell-ringer calling to vespers, six Capuchin monks, who enter the church; the seasons, a cuckoo, a shrill-throated cock, a night-watchman sounding a trumpet or beating a drum. So finely adjusted is the mechanism of this clock that each of the movements appears at the appointed time, and they can all be set in motion at any moment without disturbing the working of the clock.

The Rev. James Hastings, D.D., editor of the monumental "Dictionary of the Bible" which is at present being issued by T. and T. Clark, and also editor of the *Expository Times*, before he exchanged his rural charge at Kinneff for one in Dundee, had a good deal of experience with tramps. He used to get rid of them at first by giving them coppers, but found this method rather exhausting to his purse, so he offered them work. In twenty-five cases he applied the test of offering them work in his garden and payment by results, at the rate he gave his gardener. Only six accepted the offer; four disappeared after they had got food, or as soon as his back was turned. Two worked in the garden, one for an hour and a-half, and then he wanted money for drink; the other proved the ugliest man he had ever met—red-headed, squint-eyed, and pock-marked. This is not very reassuring for the philanthropist.



THE POSTMAN'S CHRISTMAS KNOCK.

Photo by Elkington.

The other day I quoted an account of the brutalities said to be perpetrated in the Alaskan fishery districts on seals. I have since received a letter from Fleet-Engineer Lonnon, of H.M.S. *Triumph*, who spent three months in protecting the seal-fisheries. He says—

The story does not agree with my experience, which, however, is limited to the Commodore group—that is, Baring and Copper Islands—and does not extend to the Pribyloffs. The drive is a necessity, for, were not the seals driven inland from the beaches, the majority would escape to the sea. They certainly get warm, but are rested at short intervals, and are much more agile on land than you would have us believe, especially the younger ones, the first-year pups appearing quite at home. The latter, as well as the females and bulls, are not wanted in the drive, for it is only the "bachelors"—that is, males of two to four years—whose pelts are wanted, and their presence is due only to the difficulty of separation, being allowed to escape whenever possible.

The killing is by a blow across the snout, which appears to stun readily, but the Aleuts never attempt to start skinning without making sure the seals are dead, for they have sharp canine-teeth capable of inflicting severe wounds; in fact, the Aleut believes in a dead seal, and, if he has any doubt about it, he passes his knife round one of the flippers, and thrusts it well into the heart before attempting to skin. The carcasses are headed up in casks, which are packed round with turf, and are kept to provide winter food for the islanders, the offal being siloed for the sleigh-dogs.

As it is difficult to believe that such witnesses as you quote would give misleading accounts of their experience, I can only conclude that either the methods of procedure have greatly changed since their visits (Dr. Gordon Stables's, at any rate, must be some years past), or else the practice in the Pribyloff Islands under the control of the United States is very different from that in the Commodore Islands, where a Russian official is present at every drive to watch the Government's interest in the fishery.

Of course, the owners of the islands would like to see pelagic sealing abolished, as it would give them a monopoly; but, as the fur-seal appears to range over half the Pacific Ocean, it hardly seems likely that either ourselves or the Japs will consent to such an arrangement unless the seal islands be made international property. Otherwise, the pelagic sealers will continue to fish on the high seas, and, if the authorities of the islands do not like their seals taken, then they had better chain them up. I have written more than I intended, but it is a subject I have studied as carefully as opportunity admitted.

There was a good turn-out at the Covent Garden Ball on Friday. I confess to enjoying these shows, though I never can understand how the masqueraders can take all the trouble they do over their costumes.

Madame Carnot's splendid diamonds, of which it used to be said that few women, even in be-jewelled Paris, had a finer collection, have just



THE HOUSE OF CARDS (MISS G. BRISCOE).



THE "SUN" PUBLIC-HOUSE (MISS BARTLETT)

COSTUMES AT THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

From Photographs by Langflet.

been sold, according to her written instructions, by public auction. The sum received is to be devoted to the Academy of Political and Moral Sciences, in which a Carnot Foundation has been established. The buyer remains anonymous, but has associated himself in a very practical manner with the object for which the jewels were sold by giving largely increased prices beyond the last bidder before him, while even the auctioneer who sold and the experts who acted as valuers have philanthropically foregone their usual fees in order that the legacy might not be shorn of even a small part of its robust circumference. Who will say after this that even the unromantic knight of the hammer wants for gallantry or grace when the fit occasion is forthcoming?

Paris, with its jangle of many interests, sees the commemorative chapel rising over the scene of the frightful catastrophe of the Charity Bazaar, where so many devoted women lost their lives. It is nearly completed, and will be dedicated to the Virgin. It is the Virgin of the Seven Sorrows that will surmount the dome. This chapel is not raised to all the victims, but only to the larger portion of them. When the Archbishop of Paris appealed to the public for funds to buy the ground, he explained through the newspapers that he wanted contributions from none but Roman Catholics.

To an Order of women has very fittingly been confided the guard and care of this commemorative chapel. This Order is the Society of Nuns of the Souls in Purgatory. It has for device, "Pray, suffer, act, for the souls in purgatory." The nuns of the Order dress in black gown and cloak, with ruffled bonnet tied under the chin with a large bow of crape. They seldom leave the convent, where they pray and mortify themselves continually for souls in purgatory.

Meantime, the new Palace of Charity, being built by the Comtesse de Castellane with the money of her American father, Jay Gould, is also nearing completion. It will cost a million francs, and will be open all the year round to all for all purposes—kermesses, balls, sales, matinées, concerts, lectures—having a charitable end. This place embodies all that is new in this sort of construction. The façade will have a great arch, recalling that of Mansard at the Invalides, supported on pylons that will receive the staircases, and this front will be repeated more modestly at the other end. The interior forms a central nave running the whole length of the building from street to street. A series of galleries on each side of the nave, making suite to rooms, will permit the visitor to take in at one view the phantasmagoria of a kermesse installed in the nave below. On the front of the building a mosaic picture of Charity will indicate that, irrespective of cult, the place dispenses, like the dews of Hermon, its benefits to all alike.

The tongues are wagging in Paris over a bit of society news from the palace at Addis Abbaba. Yes, indeed! the bulletins from Abyssinia are as much savoured to-day as any scandal of the boulevard, and Menelik's Court has become a centre of fashion. They say that since two months past a *petite femme* from a well-known amusement-place on the boulevard is installed at the Court of Addis Abbaba, and is about to carve out for herself there the career of a second Madame de Pompadour. If the King rules the country, this charming person rules the King, and,

according to the *Figaro*, she has already overturned the whole social order, and will soon have completely Frenchified the kingdom.

Among the attractions of the Paris Exhibition will be a number of beautiful Spanish girls, who will dance their Andalusian dances in one of the pavilions. During the last few weeks a French impresario has been busy in Seville choosing the prettiest and cleverest girls he can find. It is not an easy task, as he is anxious only to have the very best. The girls must be over fifteen and not more than eighteen, must never have danced in public, and must be of remarkable beauty. He is having their photographs taken, which will be sent to Paris for approval. When the number has finally been chosen, the girls will set to work to perfect themselves in their dancing until February or March of 1899, when they start for Paris. The *troupe* ought to be very well worth seeing, and its attractions should almost throw those of Otero into the shade.

The sculptor Calandrelli has been commissioned by the Kaiser to sculpture a huge eagle with outstretched wings to adorn the prow of the *Hohenzollern*. According to present arrangements, the bird will be set up when the yacht returns to Kiel. The original intention was to have the decoration finished in time for the famous Palestine trip. His Majesty, however, changed his mind—a privilege which is not confined to women. Calandrelli, who belongs to Berlin, has done a good deal of statuary and decorative work in that city, including the equestrian statue in bronze of Frederick William IV., which is in the Berlin National Gallery.

The craft of bookbinding is one of those which have long been jealously closed to women, and into which they have at length made their way, rather under the guise of amateurs than as professional workers. But their work, unlike that of many amateurs, has shown that they can rival the productions of the best men trained in the trade, and that the place they have gained in this new sphere of labour is one they have fully deserved. Good evidence of this will be found at the Exhibition of Bookbinding by the Guild of Women Binders, at present on view at 61, Charing Cross Road, where bindings can be seen that will not easily be surpassed either in finished workmanship, artistic taste, or originality of design. The woman binder studies the book entrusted to her, and endeavours to think out a design which shall harmonise with its contents and character.

She has, therefore, been peculiarly successful in the production of the new "Mediaeval" bindings. These are worked entirely by hand on undressed morocco, and each cover forms, as it were, a sheet of blank paper, on which any design may be embossed, so that the artist is not in any way limited, as in gold-tooling, by the possibilities of conventional tools. Some beautiful work in this style by Mrs. Traquair is included in the exhibition. She was drawn accidentally to take up the study of



MRS. TRAQUAIR DECORATING A CHURCH-WALL.

Photo by W. Crooks, Edinburgh.

bookbinding, having hitherto used her great artistic talent in the decoration of church-walls, and the photograph shows her engaged in this latter occupation. The Guild includes among its members all the more prominent women workers in the United Kingdom, and there can be no doubt that, in this occupation, women have found a useful and remunerative field in which to exercise their skill and taste.

A gentleman in the *Telegraph's* "London Day by Day" has been very facetious over the name of the new battleship now about to be laid down in Chatham Dockyard. The name—the *Venerable*—appears to him a novelty, and opens up, he thinks, many ecclesiastical possibilities in the nomenclature of the Navy. Has this gentleman, I wonder, ever read of a certain Adam Duncan who, on Oct. 11, 1797, achieved a great and memorable victory over the Dutch Fleet under Admiral de Winter, off Camperdown, on which occasion the Dutch Admiral surrendered his sword and himself on Duncan's ship, the *Venerable*? The country immediately recognised Duncan's services, and on Oct. 30 he was created a peer, with the dignities of Baron Duncan of Dundee, and Viscount Duncan of Camperdown. On that same day King George III. honoured this great naval commander by going on board the *Venerable* at Sheerness, and personally thanking him for his services. Few ships of war have been so distinguished, and the *Venerable* should be as familiar to Englishmen as the *Victory* herself. The authorities are distinctly to be congratulated on their choice of a name for their new marine monster.

Paul Jones's famous flag has turned up after being in hiding for over a century. It has just been presented to the United States Navy Department by Miss Harriett Stafford, a descendant of Midshipman Stafford, of Paul Jones's famous ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*. When it was handed over to this young officer by the Marine Committee of Congress in 1784, it was referred to as "Paul Jones's starry flag, of the *Bon Homme Richard*." There is no reason to doubt that the flag now come into the possession of the Navy Department is the original flag which was flown from Paul Jones's ship in the famous action with the British frigate *Serapis* in September 1779. It is thus established to

be the first flag bearing the Stars and Stripes ever hoisted in an American warship, and the first that was ever saluted by a foreign naval Power. The Americans are naturally very proud of this relic of the early days of the Republic, especially now that a policy of territorial expansion, and therefore of naval expansion also, has been inaugurated. It is an interesting link over a century old, and in the United States a century is regarded as a very long time indeed.



HE HAS COMPOSED THREE ODES TO THE QUEEN.

Mr. A. Skene Smith, whose portrait I give here, may congratulate himself upon holding a record which is not likely to be broken for very many years to come, if ever. Mr. Skene Smith, who is within a month or two of our Queen's age, has composed three odes to her Majesty: one when he was eighteen, at the time of the Coronation; the second on the occasion of her Jubilee in 1887; the third at the termination of her sixty years' sovereignty. Surely, a unique feat!

Gibraltar is moving ahead at double-quick time. The defences are being improved, several millions sterling are being spent on new docks, and now an installation of electric-light has been completed. The King's Bastion Barracks, familiar to Royal Artillery officers and men, have been transformed into a central electric-light supply station, from which the whole garrison is now brilliantly lighted—a great and welcome change from the dim and dingy methods of the past. The hotels, private houses, and shops are now clamouring for this new illuminant, and the Government are going to supersede gas by electric-light in the chief streets. The curious point about all this is that most of our home garrison-towns are still unprovided with electric-light. Even Devonport, with its several thousand troops and Headquarters Staff offices for the whole of the Western District, has gas only—and indifferent gas into the bargain.

The new United States Army will number just about half that of Great Britain. It is proposed to raise the strength from twenty-five thousand to more than four times that number—fifteen Cavalry regiments, fifty of Infantry, three of Engineers, and an Artillery Corps and Staff Corps. This has caused Canada to wake up. There is practically no regular Army in the Dominion, or, at least, it can be numbered by hundreds. In the matter of material, Canada cannot be surpassed, but the Canadian Militia are badly clothed and armed, and have no organisation whatever to take the field in a serviceable condition. This, however, is to be altered, and Canada is determined to reorganise her National Army so as to enable it to act either in the case of invasion or of civil disturbances.

Notwithstanding the experiences of the Military Manœuvres last autumn, no step has yet been taken to increase the establishment of the

Army Service Corps. As a matter of fact, that branch is at present under-officered and quite inadequate to fulfil the onerous duties required of it. In the case of a great war, much suffering—and possibly disaster—would be caused by the insufficient strength of the Corps. Now that it is intended to use the Militia for foreign service in war-time, it is more



H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS" GUARDS THE ENTRANCE TO WEI-HAI-WEI.

than ever necessary to increase the strength and efficiency of the A.S.C. Then, too, if the duty of defence is to be entrusted almost entirely to the Volunteers, their needs in the matter of transport will have to be provided for. The experience of the Manœuvres showed conclusively that no system of supply not organised on a permanent military basis can be relied on in cases of emergency. The sufferings of the Americans in Cuba and of our soldiers in the Crimea were to a great extent caused by the lack of proper transport, and, going farther back, the Duke of Wellington was seriously embarrassed by the lack of organised transport-trains. If Tommy is to fight well, his food-supply must be assured.

The desirability of establishing a permanent Mounted Infantry Corps is at present being urged in various quarters. At present about a thousand men drawn from the regiments on home service are trained annually at Aldershot or the Curragh. The establishment of this branch was largely owing to the advocacy and exertions of Sir Evelyn Wood, and its utility in South Africa and the Soudan has been clearly proved. As matters stand at present, however, the men, when trained, go back to their regiments, and, under our system of drafting from home battalions to keep the linked battalions on foreign stations at full strength, they soon get scattered all over the globe, so that in a few months it would be impossible to collect them into a regiment. There is thus no cohesion and no *esprit-de-corps*. It is therefore contended that efficiency and economy would be best served by establishing a permanent regiment, seeing that the existence of mounted infantry is now generally recognised as a necessity.

There is a bitter irony in this picture, for what was created to destroy ends by being destroyed. Torpedo-boat 28 went ashore on some shoals near Simon's Bay on July 29. Next day she was towed into the bay, having been slung between lighters to keep her afloat, and hauled up. But No. 28 was found to be of no use. She could not be repaired, as her back was broken abaft the after conning-tower, so her engines, boiler, and all other fittings were taken out of her, and on



A TORPEDO-BOAT BEING TOWED OUT TO SEA FOR A TARGET.

Dec. 1 she was towed out to sea by the Government tug *African*. Four ships, the *Doris*, *Magicienne*, *Monarch*, and *Tartar*, then steamed past her in single line and fired shell into her from their small guns, sinking her in about five minutes. The photo was taken as she was being towed out to sea by the *African*.

The new serial story, "The Orange Girl," by Sir Walter Besant, which begins in the *Lady's Pictorial* on Saturday, deals with the latter half of the eighteenth century—a period which lends itself well to illustration. The story is full of human interest and strongly contrasted character. It opens with a dramatic episode in the old King's Bench Prison, and, all through, the scenes and people are unconventional and well drawn, and the story is many-sided, giving graphic pictures of social, theatrical, musical life, &c., in London of the period—itsself of peculiar interest. On Saturday the same journal will give a heliochrome supplement entitled "Il Perseroso."



A PRISON BIRD.

Mr. Fred Pegram's Sketch for Sir Walter Besant's New Story, "The Orange Girl."

There is a story going round the Clubs which really seems too good to remain in them unaired, and here it is. An American heiress, who, through her marriage with an English diplomat, now finds herself in a very high position indeed, lately had her mother on a visit. This good lady, though of excellent parts, has but a rudimentary knowledge of

the vernacular. Some polite person expressed the hope that a change of climate would not be prejudicial to her daughter's health, and the fond mother with great alacrity reassured him. "My daughter, Lady —," she remarked impressively, "has never been delicate—in fact, she has always been extremely indelicate." Whereupon her listener bowed chokingly and backed out of the presence with as much haste as was compatible with decency. For of such is the kingdom of aristocratic democratic California.

During the recent and extraordinary flooding of the Tay at Perth the superstitious of that town may well have felt uneasy, as an old rhyme predicts destruction to the city by inundation. In 1210 a nocturnal inundation made havoc of the beautiful "St. Johnston's Town," and a Gaelic prophecy was couched in these words—

Great Tay of the Waves
Shall sweep Perth bare.

The town lies so little above the level of the water that such a calamity does not seem improbable, and recently quite a lot of damage was done. Another threatening rhyme is the following, about two small streams which fall into the Tay a few miles above the town—

Says the Shochie to the Ordie,
"Where shall we meet?"
"At the Cross of Perth,
When all men are fast asleep."

But, to obviate the dire schemes of these two treacherous streams, tradition says that a cross was built into the centre arch of the Town Bridge, so that their intentions were harmlessly fulfilled, and the men of Perth allowed to sleep securely. Another curious old prophecy concerning the Tay is—

St. Johnston ere long in the Highlands will be,
And the salt water scarcely will reach to Dundee;
Sea-covered Drumly will be the dry land,
And the Bell Rock as high as Ailsa will stand.

And a still better-known one is—

When the Yowes of Gowrie come to land
The Day of Judgment is at hand.

The "Yowes," or "Ewes," are two large stones on the northern shore of the Firth of Tay, and it is undeniable that, owing to geological or other changes, they will soon be beyond flood-mark. People of Invergowrie, prepare!

Mr. A. M. Beeston, of Holly House, Market Drayton, writes to me as follows—

Having received a copy of *The Sketch* for Nov. 16, and seen, in an article treating of the sale of Charles the First's vest, many relics referred to as being still in existence, you might like to hear of another, not alluded to in the said article, namely, the gloves worn by the King on the day of his execution, being taken off on the scaffold and given to Bishop Juxon to be handed over to "my friend Colonel Scriven, of Frodesley," from whom they have descended to me, and are at the present time one of my most valued possessions, and in a perfect state of preservation.

A great deal has been said and sung of London lately, but I do not remember having seen the fascination of a street-island at night expressed. Hence this attempt—

I stand on an island alone in the sea
Of a traffic that billows me round;
The 'buses that leave but a margin for me
Roll on with monotonous sound—
The carriage-and-pair for luxurious Square,
The hansoms perchance for the Wood,
And the growlers will go to a villa I know,
All leave me alone to my mood.

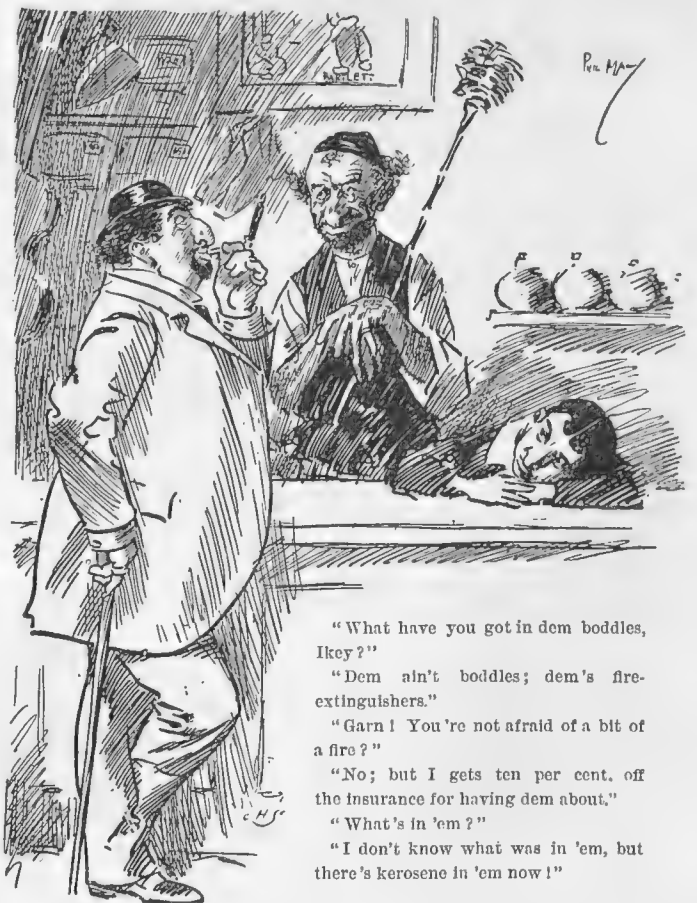
The coach is a ship that has sailed from the Strand
With a crew of the merriest folk,
Entranced by the pantomime goddess's wand,
And cheered by the harlequin's joke.
The brougham's a barque, and the moon is the arc
That stands in the midst of my isle;
And the ladies in white flash past in the night,
Their faces lit up with a smile.

And ever they roll to the wonderful West—
The fare-less (in ballast) crawl East—
Each strives to be first from a dozen abreast,
From lumbering 'buses released.
The hansom's a yacht that is tricky and taut—
I laugh as it cleverly tacks;
And the horses are keen on enjoying the scene,
The thoroughbreds challenge the hacks.

And then in the midst of the hurrying ships
A Bobby stands out with his hand,
And makes me a lane, as was done for the Gips
When they traversed the sea—on the land.
Then quickly I bolt at the sign of his Halt!
And, safe on the pavement again,
I find that the tide of my fellows who ride
Rolls on past my isle in the main.

There is probably no building in the world, hardly even the Vatican, which has so romantic a history as the Palace of Versailles. The gallantries and tragedies, the splendours and cruelties, of the reign of the Grand Monarque were all focussed in these gilded chambers. The Montespan, the Maintenon, La Vallière, all queened it in Mansard's huge, dumpy palace amid the intrigues of men and the jealousies of women. But all the memories of the place are not of love and licence, of uncurbed power and relentless oppression. Versailles is redolent of souvenirs, tender and pathetic, of the lovely and forlorn Marie Antoinette. There the terrible drama of the necklace unfolded itself; there she had her first experience of the violence of a revolutionary mob.

The low-comedians in the pantomimes frequently bore me, but I am invariably amused by the harlequinade which Phil May supplies in his "Annuals." The one this season is very amusing, as you will see from



"What have you got in dem boddles, Ikey?"
"Dem ain't boddles; dem's fire-extinguishers."
"Garn! You're not afraid of a bit of a fire?"
"No; but I gets ten per cent. off the insurance for having dem about."
"What's in 'em?"
"I don't know what was in 'em, but there's kerosene in 'em now!"

PHIL MAY GREET'S THE SEASON WITH HIS "WINTER ANNUAL,"

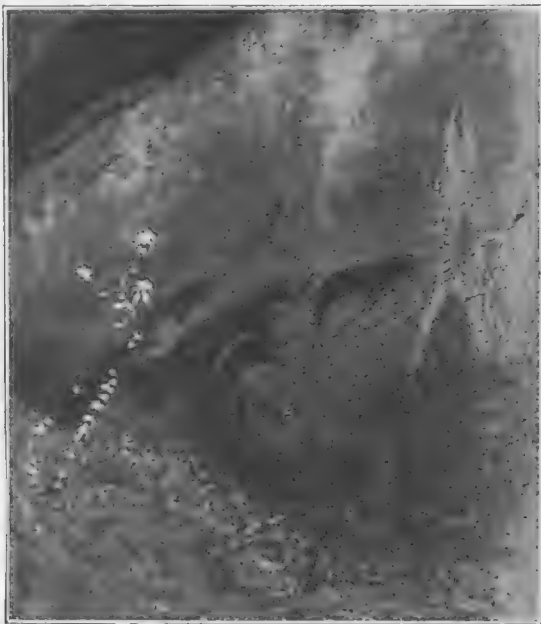
From which this Picture is taken.

the accompanying picture I take from it. The literary articles are supplied by Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Sherard, Mr. Gribble, Mr. Ralph, Mr. Mackenzie Bell, and several others. Phil is as funny as ever.

There is mourning and lamentation in Madrid, for the famous fight in the Plaza de Toros between two bulls and an elephant is "off." The elephant was brought at great expense from France, and Madrid was greatly excited over a wild-beast fight which is more or less of a novelty to her. The papers gave many details of the elephant's health; but soon they were but a few doors off a black border, for, in a paragraph headed "Pobrecito!" (Poor Dear!), they gave an account of the last illness and death of the beast. He had stood the journey very well; but the air of Madrid evidently gave him a great thirst, and he consumed so much cold water that it brought on pneumonia—the last disease one would suspect an elephant of harbouring—which carried him off in a very short time. However, it saved him from perhaps a worse death, or, at any rate, a very great mauling at the horns of the bulls.

The elephant-and-bull fight is quite an unnecessary piece of cruelty, for the elephant, being used to a quiet, menagerie kind of life, is the tamest of foes, and turns a deaf ear to the bull's offensive remarks. At a fight of the kind at Barcelona, some time ago, the poor creature was peacefully munching a truss of hay when the bull hurled himself at him. He bore the bull's onslaught quietly for a few minutes, then lifted a huge foot, which he deposited on the bull's back, forcing him to the ground and squeezing most of the breath out of him. The two bulls were at last despatched, but the poor elephant was terribly knocked about and lacerated. Tiger-and-bull fights are also fairly frequent, but were in greater favour some years ago than they are now.

Here are two fine examples of the way the natives of Mashonaland used to paint. On the rocks at Umgwezi, Mashonaland, near 259 Mile Camp of the Mashonaland Railway, you will find a painting of an Impi descending a hill; I am assured by authorities that it was painted in



ANIMALS PAINTED ON A ROCK.

blood several hundred years ago. The origin of these paintings is unknown, but the local tribe (Umtassi) say that they were executed by the Shangaans. On the back of the same cliff there is another native picture, of animals, one bearing a resemblance to an elephant. It was most probably executed by the same tribe.

Should the proposal for a Tercentenary Exhibition of Cromwell relics be persevered in for April 1899, it is possible that Sir Richard Tangye, of the well-known Birmingham engineering firm, could lend substantial help. Sir Richard is of opinion that if Charles I. had listened to Cromwell, and carried out reforms which he suggested, the King might have kept his head and his crown. Cromwell has been his hero since he was a boy, and for the past twenty years he has been collecting portraits, books, and all kinds of relics connected with the Commonwealth period. He has four hundred framed engravings of that period, two hundred of them being portraits of Cromwell. This collection, which would have delighted Carlyle, is kept in the library at his country residence, Glendorgal, New Quay, Cornwall. There he has six hundred volumes relating to the Commonwealth; four Cromwell letters, several manuscripts of the period, and letters of Cromwell's sons. One of the most interesting relics in the collection is the death-mask of Cromwell, of which only two others exist, one at Warwick Castle, the other at Aston Hall. He has also a staff that belonged to Sir Thomas Fairfax, with the Latin motto, "He sought peace through war." It would almost seem as if Sir Richard Tangye could get up an exhibition on his own account.

The dragon tree of Teneriffe is perhaps the strangest vegetable in the world. Humboldt estimated one specimen to be six thousand years old, and other dragon-trees claim to have reached half that age. It is thought to be a kind of giant asparagus whose dead branches serve as a support for the crowns. New roots as they come into being encircle and conceal

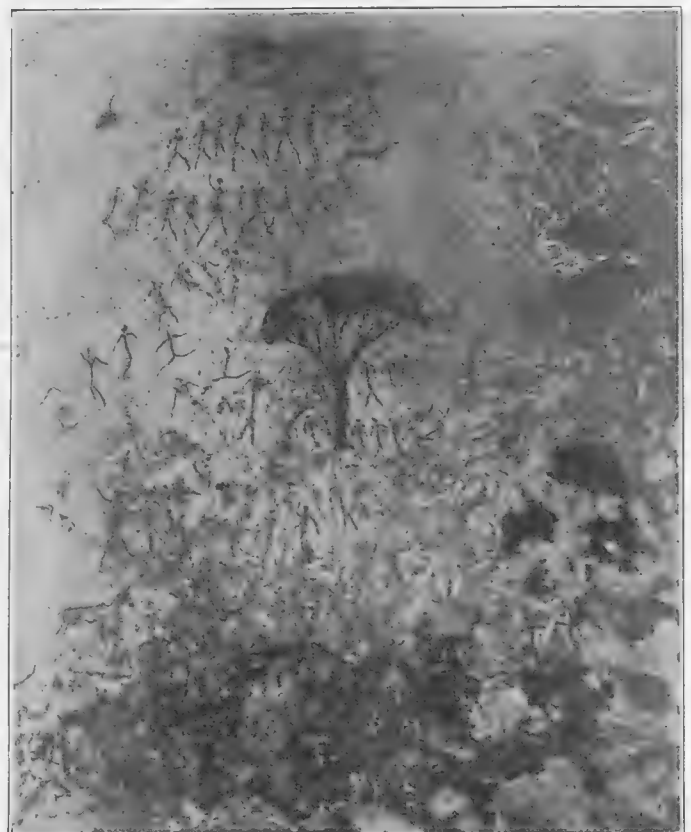
the original stem, which is far away inside, and the roots which become detached from the stem may be seen hanging, withered, in the upper tree. The trunk is generally hollow, and in the case of an old tree, which perished in 1867, there was a spacious chamber, which served the natives



THE DRAGON-TREE OF TENERIFFE.

as a temple for generations. Mass was afterwards said there by the Spaniards. The tree was 48 ft. round and 95 ft. high, and is supposed to have been originally watered with dragon's blood, which is the name now given to the sap. This is a regular article of commerce, and is specially used for embalming.

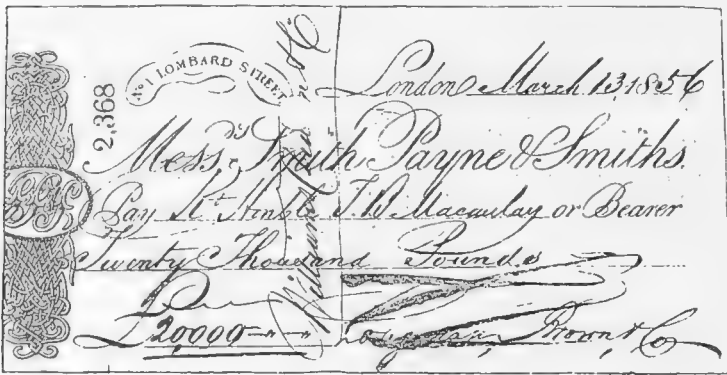
The household of Señor Sagasta, the Spanish Premier, might really be one of Charles Lever's famous Irish ones, it is conducted on such reckless principles of hospitality. The Sagastas keep open house, and the place is always full of guests, who are often almost strangers to their host and hostess. Señor Sagasta invites his friends, and his wife invites hers, generally without consulting each other in the least. An amusing story is told of how a guest arrived there some time ago, and made a long stay. After he left, Señor Sagasta said to his wife, "Well, I see your friend has gone away at last." "My friend!" said the lady; "why I never saw the man before in my life; I thought he was a friend of yours." "Well, I don't know him," said her husband; "I wondered who he was, but supposed you knew him, and had invited him." As Sagasta is a poor man, and has practically no income besides his official salary, unkind people suggest that these numerous visitors are paying guests, and that the Premier's house is nothing less than a badly managed hotel.



A PICTURE PAINTED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO ON A ROCK IN MASHONALAND, SHOWING AN IMPI DESCENDING A HILL.

If we have a real café ruin on Continental lines in Leicester Square this year, do me the justice to remember that I was the first among the scribes to hint at its arrival. Dame Rumour came in my direction the other evening, and told of a plan at present under discussion without remembering that I am a snapper-up of such news trifles. If Rumour is endeavouring to live beyond her reputation, and is changing her ways for the New Year, you may believe that the café will soon be an established fact, and expect to see Englishmen sitting at little round tables overlooking the street, and revelling in an innocent cup of coffee or an insidious absinthe. For years I have been urging the establishment of an open-air café in London, where, after all, we do have fine days now and again. The spot chosen for the first attempt is a happy one; there are hundreds of men living in and round Soho with sufficient leisure and thirst to make a café pay well. If one succeeds, hundreds will spring up, and we may expect to see the full possibilities of London realised. In Trafalgar Square and along the Thames Embankment hundreds of people could be accommodated, and a sense of ease and relaxation would replace the whirl and bustle in which we live. There are many places in the Temple Gardens and the Inns of Court where a café would flourish like the fortunate tree of the Psalmist, and London life would no longer be an unending effort to keep moving. Imagine the delights of a little café in Fountain Court, in the quiet square of Gray's Inn, or the gardens of Lincoln's Inn! Lawyers might object, but I don't think they would. The scheme must appeal to one and all.

Only the other day a huge reproduction of a famous cheque stared at us from every hoarding. I reproduce a cheque more famous still: the veritable paper to which Mr. Longman set his hand when he paid Macaulay £20,000 due to the author for the first edition of the third and fourth volumes of his History. The book appeared on Monday, Dec. 17, 1855. On Nov. 6 previously Macaulay wrote in his diary: "It will certainly make me rich as I account riches." He was a true seer. By Feb. 29, 1856, the whole twenty-six thousand copies were sold, and it was necessary to reprint. On March 7 the publisher



THE FAMOUS £20,000 CHEQUE WHICH WAS PAID TO LORD MACAULAY.

announced that he and his partners were "overflowing with money," and that they felt they could not do better than advance to the author on the usual terms part of what would be due in December. The following week the sum was paid into Williams's Bank, "a transaction," says Macaulay, "quite unparalleled in the history of the book trade." He took his good-fortune with almost a schoolboy's joyousness. How generously he used his wealth all readers of the "Life" must remember.

By a somewhat curious coincidence, public attention is just now being directed to two of the best-known fountains in the streets of London, which are sadly in need of re-decoration. One of these—the Buxton Memorial—is a familiar object at the corner of Great George Street, Westminster, where it was placed as far back as the year 1865. The pinnacles are surmounted by eight bronze figures, representing the various rulers of Great Britain, from Caractacus down to the present time. One, if not two, of the plates bearing the inscription—in which reference is made to the efforts of Mr. Wilberforce and others, who, with Sir T. Fowell Buxton, advocated in Parliament the emancipation of slaves throughout the British dominions—have been wrenched off the fountain, and much of the decorative work is in a very poor condition. Mr. C. Buxton, M.P., designed and built the memorial, which was erected at a cost of about £1200. The other fountain, which is of an even more classic design, stands at the junction of Park Lane and Hamilton Place. The cost was no less than £5000, and in this case also the marble statues of Shakspeare, Milton, and Chaucer, no less than the bronze figures of Fame and the Muses of History, Tragedy, and Comedy, are in urgent need of restoration.

Major Marchand is not without honour even in this country. It has been said that, if he were to come here, he would be invited by the Royal Geographical Society to give an address and would be hailed with enthusiasm as an explorer. Already he has received the tribute of fame at Madame Tussaud's. Holiday crowds at the "waxworks" see him facing the Sirdar. Marchand wears a white costume, while Lord Kitchener is in a khaki uniform. The Sirdar's face is rather chubby, but the pose of the two officers is easy and natural; it is just such an attitude as they might have adopted. Around them, in splendid uniforms, are the heroes of many fights.

NATURE'S GENTLEMEN AT DINNER.

I have not often been more impressed by any attempt at philanthropy than by the dinner given on Christmas Eve to nine hundred *bond-fide* London sandwich-men. As a matter of fact, there were well-nigh one thousand of them before the proceedings were over. The immense

King's Hall at the Holborn Restaurant, which has rung from time to time with so much political eloquence, and where I have sat at many a banquet to Literature and Art, was crowded, as was a neighbouring hall, with the sandwich-men of London. They were not receiving dinners tied up into parcels; they were treated as men—as gentlemen—and the spectacle afforded was an interesting one, although profoundly sad withal. Serviettes, knives and forks—all the appurtenances of our modern dining habits—were assigned to each place, and the joints described in the accompanying bill-of-fare were passed along in succession by the same waiters who have many a time attended on some of us—artists, writers, journalists, whatever we may be—but all of us with the sandwich-man's board as a cheerless possibility. Cheerlessness, however, was not the note of the evening. The very waiters were enjoying themselves more than usual: I asked one of them, whom I had often seen at these functions, what he thought of it all. These were the dinners he liked, he told me; there was absolutely no grumbling, from which I gather that grumbling at the dinners is not unknown at the Holborn Restaurant. The men, indeed, were in excellent form. Here was a stalwart old man of seventy, who had left the Channel Islands sixty years before. He was in the habit of receiving his fourteence a-day with entire satisfaction. "Fivepence for my bed, and ninepence for my meals," he said, "and I am quite happy." Here was another, a man of fifty, born in Pittsburg, who had been in the British Army and in the United States Army, and now he was a sandwich-man, and content with the work. A third man came from Ireland, from County Clare. He sighed to be back in the "Old Country," but was sure that there was not even fourteence a-day for him there. All the men to whom I spoke were utterly lacking in ambition; in most cases I do not think it was drink or any vice that had brought them to their present life. It was rather temperament, the temperament of drifting, of taking what came in the way and making the best of it, and so dragging through life. The dinner was followed by an excellent speech by Mr. W. M. Thompson, the chairman. Mr. Thompson is a barrister, the editor of *Reynolds's Newspaper*, and he is married to the daughter of Mr. Thomas Crosbie, of Cork, who, last year, was the popular President of the Institute of Journalists. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson exerted themselves indefatigably in the superintendence of an entertainment which they had initiated. The subscriptions for the sandwich-men's dinner had all been sent to *Reynolds's Newspaper*, the subscribers including the Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery. A delightful entertainment followed the dinner; Mr. Gus Elen, Mr. R. G. Knowles, and the other artists whose names will be found on the



DINNER, 5 P.M.	
BILL OF FARE.	
JOINTS.	
Roast Beef, Horseradish, and Yorkshire Pudding.	
Boiled Leg of Mutton and Trimmings.	
Royal Roast Haunch of Mutton.	
Boiled Beef, Carrots, and Dumplings.	
Roast Pork and Baked Apples.	
Veal and Ham Pies.	
Steak Pies.	
VEGETABLES.	
Cabbage.	Turnip Tops.
Potatoes cooked in various ways.	
SWEETS.	
Christmas Pudding.	Mince Pie.
DESSERT.	
English Ale, Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer (gratuitously supplied by the Kent Mineral Water Company), Irish and Scotch Punch, Oranges, Tobacco, &c., &c.	

programme which I reproduce put in an appearance, and helped to make a merry evening. Altogether, it was, as I have said, a remarkable gathering, a gathering that suggested problems perhaps unsolvable. A parcel of clothes and two shillings were given to each man as he left the hall.

"ALASKA," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THEATRE NOTES.

There is nothing prettier in the halls at this moment than the ballet of "Alaska," at the Empire, with Mdle. Gence as the *première danseuse*. Mdle. Zanfretta is there in all her opulence, and the music is charming.

Apropos of Mr. Oscar Barrett's first Adelphi pantomime, I feel tempted to transcribe some of the names from an old programme that lies before me—that of the children's pantomime, "Robin Hood and His Merry Little Men," written by "The Old Boy," that was performed entirely by children at the Adelphi, in the pantomime season of 1877-1878, when Benjamin Webster was still proprietor of the theatre, and F. B. Chatterton its manager. In the opening Fairy Scene, *Lovers' Well* and *Fairy Grotto* by Starlight, the parts of Sylvia, Fairy Guardian of the Forest, and of Oakapple and Woodnut, First and Second Fairies, were filled by Misses Kate Abrahams, Louisa Neville, and Bella Goward. After a ballet, "Love Among the Roses," with *La Petite Cerito* as Cupid, the audience were transported to a glade in Sherwood Forest, where appeared, among others, Master Harry and Miss Emilie Grattan as Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and Miss Kate Seymour as Little John. The Market Place at Nottingham during the Great May Fair of 1188, with illustrations of "The Merrie Sports of England in the Olden Time," came next, and after an *Attack, Surprise, and Fairy Rescue*, Sylvia's Fairy Ballet for Little Beaux and Belles led up to a double harlequinade, in which Miss Connie Gilchrist and Miss Bella Goward were the harlequins, and Miss Carrie and Master Bertie Coote were respectively one of the columbines and the clowns. Other interesting points in this memory-recalling old play-bill are that Misses Gilchrist and Coote performed "*La Truandaise*," Miss Kate Abrahams gave a Jockey Dance in Lord Falmouth's colours, and Master Bertie Coote sang "*Hot Codlins*."



MDLLE. GENEE IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

Of these youthful pantomimists, several are dead, while Miss Connie Gilchrist is Countess of Orkney.

I can't say that I was at all impressed with the acting of either the Earl of Yarmouth or the Duke of Manchester at the matinée given at the Strand Theatre the other day in aid of the East-End Mothers' Home, although two of their other aristocratic colleagues, Lady Greville and Miss Diane Croyke, attained perhaps to the standard of St. George's Hall, which is more than the Duke and the Earl did. Both these "real live lords" were shockingly imperfect in their words, and this, of course, spoilt their well-intentioned performances. Of the two, I prefer the stage appearance of the Earl of Yarmouth, a handsome young fellow. His Ducal associate, should he really venture upon the professional boards, would not, I think, cause the star to pale of his predecessor in a similar bold enterprise, "Mr. James Erskine," the Earl of Rosslyn.

The partial destruction by fire of the new Palace Theatre of Varieties, Plymouth, a fine building opened only a few months ago, is especially lamentable, occurring, as it has done, at holiday time, with the sequelæ of many artists being temporarily thrown out of their engagements. A recent case somewhat analogous, but in the event less serious than it seemed to be at first, was that of the fire at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, also at the Christmas season. The Plymouth Palace of

Varieties belongs to the same proprietary as the Grand Theatre in the same town, the managing director of that house being Mr. Alfred Moul.

His personal friends will no doubt recall the fact that it is six years since the death of Henry Pettitt, who passed away on Christmas Eve, 1893, two years and a-half before his collaborator and friend, Sir Augustus Harris. I regard Pettitt as the most skilful melodramatic craftsman of his day, a notable instance of this being afforded by "*A Woman's Revenge*," which he wrote at the end of his career.



MDLLE. GENEE AS SHE FIGURES IN "ALASKA," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"ALASKA," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

SIMON DOWLING—MISER.

BY HAROLD SNAGGE.

The majority of the villagers called him a "horrid old beast." The minority, more charitably inclined, contented themselves with referring to him as "poor old chap."

Whichever appellation was the more suited to old Simon Dowling, it is certain that neither fitted him exactly. For, if he was a "horrid old beast," it was not his fault altogether that he was so, as the title would seem to imply, because he was crazy, and scarcely responsible for his actions. And he certainly was not a "poor old chap" in the literal sense of the word, because he had a hundred golden sovereigns of his own, tied up in a small canvas bag, which same hundred sovereigns he would pour out into his lap every evening at eight o'clock, when his frugal supper was finished, and would count them again and again, and gloat over them.

It was known that old Dowling did this, because he was seen bending over his treasure one evening by a villager who happened to pass the window of the old man's cottage on his way home from work in the fields.

Not that Simon would ever have attempted to deny the fact. In his crazed way he knew he was a miser. Indeed, he was proud of it. To the old woman who would occasionally go into his cottage and "tidy up a bit," as he used to call it, he boasted of the fact; and she, good soul that she was, used to try and persuade him that it was nothing to be proud of. But he would not be convinced.

"Don't you see," he would say in his odd, breaking voice, "that I am gradually accumulating a fortune, and that some day I shall be rich enough to marry?"

And he would look up and wait questioningly for an answer. But the answer never came, for the old woman regarded his utterances as a nurse does those of a small child. In truth, she barely heeded them at all. So the old man grew tired of trying to interest anyone in his little hoard. And he would remain silent till the kindly woman had gone and he was alone; then he would begin again, talking to himself.

"Yes," he would say, as he handled the sovereigns lovingly, and let them fall, one by one, back again into the bag which held them, "I have got a hundred golden sovereigns now, and some day, if I am very careful, I shall have a thousand; and then I will go back to Dorothy, and she will have learnt to love me by then, and she will say 'Yes,' and we shall be married. Oh, Dorothy, my Dorothy! you won't have to wait much longer now. I have got a hundred. Only a few hundreds more, and then——"

He would break off suddenly and scratch his poor old head with his withered hand.

"Stop, stop, Simon, though!" he would say after a pause. "Don't make too sure of her. Perhaps she will have nothing to say to you when you return to her. Perhaps another man will have taken your place, and you will have to go away again for ever."

A curious spasm would pass over the old features, followed almost immediately by a cheery, triumphant smile.

"What nonsense, Simon!" he would continue. "Of course, she is true to you. She never actually said she loved you, but she said that some day perhaps she might, and you said you would wait always. Ah, Dorothy, haven't I waited years and years? And I am waiting still. And I am working and making money for you and for me. Just a little longer, and I will come to you, my Dorothy, my darling Dorothy, and then no one shall part us."

And the old man's voice would break down, and tears and smiles would follow one another in endless succession, till the old clock on the mantelpiece chimed out the hour of ten. Then Simon Dowling, the miser, would carefully tie up the bag again, and hide it, as always, under one of the boards of the floor.

Each evening the same scene would be enacted, winter and summer alike, and each evening for the past twenty years and more it had been enacted. Only the old man's invocation to his Dorothy would sometimes change a little. And occasionally a reference would be made to some letters, which the old man would clasp tenderly in his hands. And he would try and read the writing, and then would kiss it a hundred times—writing which was yellow with age and almost illegible—writing which conveyed nothing to his poor old brain now, but which had once upon a time meant so much.

For, fifty years ago, Simon Dowling had loved Dorothy Dunstan, and, moreover, he had told her of his love. Taken aback at first, she had prized it and valued it as a love which she felt instinctively was deeper and more lasting than many passions dignified by the same name. For young Dowling was not a susceptible man. Women by the score had marvelled at his imperviousness, had backed themselves to succeed where others had failed, had tried, and had been forced to confess themselves beaten. And then, suddenly, without any effort, Dorothy Dunstan had kindled the spark which the others had failed to ignite, and the strength and passion of his newly awakened love had almost frightened her, as it had frightened him. Straightway he had told her of his great love, had entreated, had demanded, a like in return, and he was stupefied and stunned when he learnt from her lips that she could not give it to him.

For a while he was hopelessly dazed. Never for a second had he doubted that his passion would be returned. He had anticipated an answering devotion as a matter of course. He was a poor man. He knew that. He had nothing but himself to offer her. But he was young yet, and he would make a fortune.

She, poor child, was terrified at his vehemence. She liked him; she respected him; she felt that some day she might—aye, would—grow to love him, and she told him so. But not yet. Would he wait? She could not tell him to hope, because she could give him no hope. But he was dear to her, dearer than any other man she had ever known, and she knew that such a love as his came to a woman only once in a lifetime. She could not say she loved him if she did not. She could not—because she was only human, after all—reject him irrevocably. But she would be, she must be, true to herself. She could say nothing to him to give him hope. And he understood, and, understanding, he hoped, because he could not help himself, because he knew for certain that some day she would grow to love him.

He told her he understood all perfectly, and she knew that he spoke truly. He said he would wait for her always. Because, as long as he lived, he must always wait for her. There was nothing else for him, to live for, and he would work for her, and some day she would find out that she loved him. Thus and thus he reasoned with her and with himself, and then he set to work to make the fortune which he would give her when that great and wonderful day should come.

There seemed to be no Royal Road to such an accomplishment in England, so he said good-bye to Dorothy, and went into "a far country."

She was sorry at his going, and promised to write to him sometimes, and he was to write to her. The wrench of parting took years off his life, but his mind was made up, and he set his teeth and went.

Two years passed, and things were just the same, save for the fact that Dowling was lucky, and some new mines in which he was interested turned out very well.

The third year came and went, and, at the end of it, Dowling was a rich man.

During the time of their separation he had written often to Dorothy, and she to him; and her letters told him, not in so many words, because they were simple and unconventional, but as plainly as if she had spoken it, that the love was dawning in her heart, and that he had been right to hope.

When he arrived back in England, Dorothy was on the landing-stage to meet him, and the look on her face as her eyes met his brushed away all the trials and longings of the last three years as though they had been but a dream.

No words were necessary, but the perfect understanding which had always existed between them sealed the compact as absolutely as if he had said the words, "Dorothy, will you be my wife?" and she had answered, "I will."

Ten days later Dorothy Dunstan was taken ill, and within a fortnight she died.

Dowling was away at the time, and, when he came to her, they feared to tell him how hopeless it was. But quickly he saw, and as she sank slowly day by day, so did the spirit and life gradually sink from the soul and body of Simon Dowling. Two days before she died, the doctors had told him that all hope was gone, and he had bowed to their decision. Only he begged to be left alone with her till the end, and his wish was granted.

In the grey of an early morning, Dorothy died, and Simon Dowling rose up and went away.

No one heard him speak, but several people noticed that much grey had crept into his hair, and that there was a look on his face which they had not noticed before—a look which seemed to tell them that its wearer had suddenly realised that life and love with some natures mean the same thing, and that the shock of the discovery was insupportable.

From a young man Dowling became suddenly an old one. For ten years he wandered over the face of the earth, seeing no one, speaking to no one. His friends grew anxious about him, but he was unapproachable, so they left him alone. His wealth became a burden to him, and in a fit of generosity or madness—it is sometimes hard to distinguish between them—he gave it all away bodily to a charity. Then he bought a small cottage in a remote corner of England, and took up his abode there, and lived entirely alone.

For a few years the villagers regarded him as an eccentric old gentleman, and some of them would occasionally try to be neighbourly and kind to him. But he would have none of it, and it was plain to all, and plainer to the wise old clergyman of the place, that Simon Dowling's brain was giving way.

And so it was. Years of unutterable grief and solitude were beginning to tell their tale. Coherency in his soliloquies became rarer every day, and by degrees his sole object became that of collecting money. In his great mercy, God was softening the poor man's old age, by allowing him to fancy himself back again all those years, slaving for the fortune he was to give to Dorothy. Every penny he could save he hoarded. Economy of the meanest type he practised, and whereas an old charwoman had, at one time, received two shillings a-week for small daily attendance, he now dispensed with any sort of help, and lived in a state bordering on squalor, relieved only by the occasional visits of the

LINA VERDI AS AN IMITATOR.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



kindly woman who belonged to the minority, and who still persisted in regarding him as a "poor old chap."

One evening, early in November, Simon was counting his sovereigns as usual by the light of an old lamp. The evening was cold, and a chill draught blew through his little room. The small fire in the grate seemed to give out but little heat when the old man now and again stretched out his parchment-like palms towards the glow, to rid them of some of the cold engendered by handling the sovereigns.

This particular evening he seemed to be lingering rather longer than usual over his little hoard, and he had played with the bright coins for nearly two hours. Then he arranged them in little piles on the table before him, and sat back for a while, watching them intently. By degrees, the glitter of the gold and the unshaded light of the lamp caused his poor old eyes to grow tired, and he closed them for a moment or two. Two or three slow and deliberate nods of the old white head followed, and presently the miser was asleep.

With a start, he woke, and sat up, listening intently. He thought he heard a step at the door.

"My gold! my sovereigns!" he exclaimed. "Dorothy's fortune! Who dares to come here at this time of night?"

But it was no one, only the wind.

"My sovereigns are not safe," went on old Simon to himself, picking up each coin tenderly as he spoke, and replacing it in the little canvas bag. "Someone will steal you, my little golden dears, unless I am very careful. But I will prevent that. To-morrow I will take you to town and will change you for paper. Paper won't be nearly as nice, and I shan't love it half as much as I do you; but it will be safer. And remember, dear little sovereigns, it is Dorothy we must think of—my Dorothy; not ourselves, you know. And you and I can do anything for her, can't we?"

Thus, talking to them as if they were his children, old Simon Dowling put them all carefully away in their hiding-place, and, having again kissed the bundle of letters and treated them in the same way, betook himself to bed. For an hour or more he lay awake crooning crazily to himself about his clever dodge for preventing his money being stolen.

Next morning the old miser was up early, and quite a stir was created in the village when it was seen that Simon Dowling was out of his cottage, and walking alone to the little station. The precious sack of sovereigns was hidden carefully away in a small handbag which he carried with him, while the bundle of letters, which were even more valuable to him than the money, for all that the "majority" might say, bulged out the breast-pocket of his now green old coat.

The journey to the neighbouring town was only five miles, but old Dowling waived economy on this occasion, and, instead of walking the distance—far enough for an old man nearly eighty—took a third-class ticket by the railway.

With something very like a sigh, he handed over his bag of sovereigns to the young clerk at the bank, and received in exchange ten crisp notes of £10 each, which he carefully wrapped up in his old handkerchief, and placed in the small black bag which had before held the precious gold.

Another railway-ticket could not be thought of, and so the journey home had to be made on foot. Poor old Simon was well-nigh exhausted when he reached his little cottage at last, long after darkness had set in, nor had he any eyes for the curious faces which peered at him as he wearily made his way down the only street the little village boasted.

Once inside his tiny house, the old miser placed his bag on the table, and laid the bundle of letters, which he took from his breast-pocket, beside it. Then, completely worn-out, he sank into an old chair by the fire, which was burning brightly in the grate, thanks, no doubt, to an afternoon visit of the good woman who "tidied up a bit."

A wretched little supper lay on the table, but the old man seemed scarcely to notice it. The long walk, and all the excitement incidental to parting with his precious gold, had tired him more than was good for him, and he seemed to be older and whiter even than he had been the evening before, when he had thought out the scheme for preserving his money.

The night was a dimly cold one, and a few drops of rain were falling. The wind, too, was rising a little, and the sound of it in the chimney seemed to soothe the old man as he sat and watched the flames fitfully glowing and dying. Presently the miser looked up. "Nine o'clock!" he said. "Simon, you are very late to-night! Nine o'clock, and you have neither counted your money nor kissed your darling's letters. Come, come, Simon, my boy, pull yourself together. You're not tired after walking five miles! What will Dorothy say when she hears that her Simon was done up after a five-mile walk? She must think better of me than that. Now, where did I put those notes? Ah, here they are, and the letters. That's it."

And the old man took the small bag, and drew from it the notes. Then he laid them one by one in his lap, and took up the bundle of letters. For some minutes he sat quite still, as if he hardly understood what he had done with the gold. Then he began fondling the letters, leaving the notes in his lap.

"Ah, Dorothy, Dorothy!" he murmured, and the glow from the fire lighted up his old, drawn face, on which a strange look of peace seemed to be settling. "The waiting is nearly over. I am coming back to you very soon now. My work is almost done, and I have such a lot of money for you! And you will love me, Dorothy, won't you? I know you will have learnt to love me all this time while I have been away. This letter tells me so, and this one, and this. Ah! God has been very

good to me. He has sent the love into your dear heart, and, now that I am rich, I can come to you, and then nothing shall ever separate us any more. Dorothy, my own darling Dorothy, I am kissing your dear letters, because they were written by you, because the paper has been touched by your dear hands. The waiting is nearly over, nearly over."

The old man clutched the bundle of letters as he finished speaking and covered them with kisses. At the same moment, a strong gust of wind blew the window open, and a rush of air entered the room, extinguishing the small lamp on the table. The old miser rose quickly to relight it, and, as he did so, the ten notes which lay in his lap slid from his knees, and a puff of wind blew them into the heart of the fire.

The rustle they made as they fell caused old Simon to look round. For a second or two he scarcely realised what had happened. Then the new flames from the crackling notes told him of the disaster.

A terrible cry burst from the lips of the old man, as he hurled himself down on his hands and knees and clawed madly at the red-hot bars of the grate.

"Ruin!" he shrieked. "Ruin! Just as I had won her, I have lost her! Oh God, save them, save them! Dorothy, Dorothy, it was not my fault! I could not help it! I tried. I have worked so hard, and I thought I had succeeded. But now I have failed, I have failed! Oh Dorothy, my Dorothy!" And the wail that came from the old man's lips would have wrung tears from a stone. There was a stillness, broken only by the gusts of wind and the flapping of the open window. Simon Dowling had fainted.

The room was quite dark, for the lamp was out and the fire had burnt low, before consciousness returned to the old miser.

When he again opened his eyes, all the madness had gone out of them, and, when he spoke, the words were the words of an old man who knew he was an old man, and who knew he had not many minutes to live.

The bundle of letters was still in his hand, and he seemed to have forgotten all about the money.

With an effort, he raised himself on his elbow, and, bowing his white head, he reverently kissed the letters.

"Dorothy," he murmured very faintly, "I am tired, and I am coming to you." Then, with a barely perceptible sigh, the weary head fell back, and Simon Dowling's waiting was over.

In the morning the villagers found him lying by the side of the fire, the bundle of letters still clutched tightly in his hands. A diligent search was made for the money, but none was found, and gradually the impression gained ground that Simon Dowling had been sadly misjudged in his lifetime, and that he had not been a miser after all.

Indeed, the majority in the village, who had before called him "a horrid old beast," joined the minority which had been more charitably inclined, and, when an opportunity presented itself, made a point of referring to him as "poor old chap."

"DOUBLE BERLIN."

When Winter-time threatens that Frost shall be Law,
Which is only repealed by a desperate thaw,
There's a shield against weather as ugly as sin
In a well-knitted waistcoat of double Berlin.

When you're hunting or shooting, if sport be your taste,
Or if to a wedding, frock-coated, you haste,
You'll be always well-groomed and as neat as a pin,
If you wear but a waistcoat of double Berlin.

Or at home if you're sitting in sorrowful part,
And your bones are one ache and your soul is one smart,
Then with comfort without beat discomfort within
By assuming your waistcoat of double Berlin.

It's so easy to get, for the maid of your choice,
Or your sister, or even your wife, will rejoice
Your manly approval and blessing to win
By knitting you waistcoats of double Berlin.

Then the halo of love which around it you fling
Lends a strange and peculiar charm to the thing,
For maidens who care not to toil nor to spin
Will gladly make waistcoats of double Berlin.

For what can compare—not the silk-knitted tie,
Nor the stocking of pattern poetic and shy,
Or gorgeous in hue for adornment of shin,
With a beautiful waistcoat of double Berlin?

Again, if reflective an eye you would cast,
With a smile and a tear, on the days of the past,
Then summon the oldest of port in your bin,
And sip in your waistcoat of double Berlin.

For the young, for the old, for the shabby, the smart,
For the soldier, or poet, or man of the mart,
For your Russian or Turk, your Italian or Finn,
There is nothing like waistcoats of double Berlin. P. P.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE HOUSE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE SUICIDE CLUB.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that, in writing the "New Arabian Nights," Robert Louis Stevenson had in his mind, when describing his hero, the manner and appearance of the Prince of Wales, for whose air and character he had, as a young man, a great admiration. But the personality of the accomplished Prince Florizel of Bohemia was, of course, modified to answer more closely to the ideals of Romance. He was freed from the incessant exigencies of Court etiquette, his own master, withal, as well as the First Gentleman of the land, versatile and adventurous. In short, the hero of these New Arabian Nights was what Stevenson himself would have been had he been of the Blood—a modern Caliph Haroun al Raschid in a modern English Bagdad, wandering incognito.

Stevenson did, indeed, enact one of the scenes of the Suicide Club in his own proper

person—one of the maddest pranks ever carried out. This was the introductory episode of the "Young Man with the Cream Tarts." The book has the adventure take place in "an oyster-bar in the immediate neighbourhood of Leicester Square," but, in reality, this elaborate piece of foolery happened in Edinburgh, in a café behind the Registrar's Office, not far from the Old Ship Tavern. Edinburgh is the last place one would choose for such an adventure, if one did not realise the effect of that cold, grey, methodical town upon the galloping spirits of the "mad Stevensons," Louis and his cousin Robert, to the latter of whom this perfect collection of romances is dedicated, "in grateful remembrance of their youth." That they were a team of mad-heads the narrative shows—

The swing doors were pushed violently open, and a young man, followed by a couple of commissionaires, entered the bar. Each of the commissionaires carried a large dish of cream-tarts under a cover, which they at once removed, and the young man made the round of the company, and pressed these confections upon everyone's acceptance with an exaggerated courtesy.

Sometimes his offer was laughingly accepted, sometimes it was firmly, or even harshly, rejected. In the latter cases the new-comer always ate the tart himself, with some more or less humorous commentary.

The "small French restaurant in Soho," to which the Prince, Geraldine, and the young man of the cream-tarts adjourn, according to the story of the Suicide Club, into which tale this episode is worked, was no other than the now famous Kettner's, in Church Street, which at the time the book was written was almost unknown except to a few writers and artists. It was here, "in a private room up two pair of stairs," that the young man proposed that they should all three end their lives; and here Prince Florizel of Bohemia,



POSTERN DOOR FROM PARK ROAD.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

disguised with "false whiskers and a pair of large adhesive eyebrows," played his part so recklessly, throwing his packet of a hundred pounds into the fire with magnificent verve.

But of the headquarters of the infamous Suicide Club no trace

remains, for the clues given in the tale lead one nowhere, except to the vague limits of the Strand. "The cab stopped at the entrance to a rather dark court," says the mythical Arabian author who is supposed to chronicle the adventure, and while they waited for the President of the Club, they noticed that "a single tall window looked out upon the river and the Embankment; and, by the disposition of the lights, they judged themselves not far from Charing Cross Station." The Prince notices the name of the place, which is afterward called "Box Court," and, still later, the house is known specifically as Number Three. Now there is only one place in that vicinity at all answering to the description, namely, George Court; but this only hope of identification is cut off, for when Silas Q. Seudamore returns from Paris, with the dead body of Geraldine's brother in his Saratoga trunk, we find that Box Court "was a mere footway between the railings, with a post at either end." There are neither railings nor posts at the entrance to George Court.

It is still harder to identify the house hired by Colonel Geraldine and elaborately furnished for a single night, as described in the "Adventure of the Hansom Cabs." It was "in the remote West of London" that the gallant Lieutenant Brackenbury Rich found himself deposited by his mysterious cabman, who had driven him without instructions. It was described only as "a villa in a long and wide road." Yet it would be quite out of keeping with Stevenson's methods if these two houses, so graphically described, had no foundation in fact. A house or a scene, once noted, was never forgotten by him, and, sooner or later, was brought into his fiction and invested with an interest almost as strong as one feels in his characters themselves. This he did with Swanston Cottage and Edinburgh Castle, in "St. Ives," with the golf-lodge at North



GARDENS OF GROVE HOUSE.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

Berwick, in "The Pavilion on the Links," and with the conspirator's house in "The Dynamiter." They were all places that he knew well.

The picturesque or mysterious exterior of many a house struck him also, and, when the time came, he wove around it his own tale to fit the aspect of the scene. A romantic *mise-en-scène* affected him sensitively. His description would leave no doubt that it was Grove House, now owned by Mr. Thomas Greer, which was referred to, had we not the direct testimony of his cousin, Robert A. M. Stevenson. The two often walked past the house on the Regent's Canal, and their curiosity and interest were aroused by the postern door in the wall on Park Road—a door that by no chance they ever found open. The grounds surrounding the villa are large and beautiful.

The house has its own interest, apart from the glamour Stevenson has given it, for it was built by the well-known architect, Decimus Burton, for his friend, Bellas Greenough, F.R.S., First President of the Geological Society, President of the Royal Geographical Society, and Member of Parliament for Gatton. It has been in the possession of the same family since its erection, in 1821, and here lived, wrote, and died Frank Smedley, a cousin of Mr. Greenough.

There were only three other places in London haunted by Prince Florizel. We find him at his own splendid residence, "in his official robes, and covered with all the Orders of Bohemia," sentencing the President of the Suicide Club; and again at a West-End Club, "of somewhat portly build, and dressed with conspicuous plainness," turning from his *Fortnightly Review* to advise the Rev. Mr. Rolles upon the subject of Gaboriau. And, at last, in the melancholy *finale*, we find his Highness, hurled from his throne of Bohemia, keeping a cigar-store in Rupert Street—"the handiomest tobacconist in London"! Were that shop known, how many of us would not go there "from time to time to smoke and have a chat, and find him as great a creature as in the days of his prosperity"!



A SHY COON.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

At least one earlier story, "The Cedar Star," has given us a right to expect excellent work from the pen of Miss Mary E. Mann. Her newest book, "Moonlight" (Unwin), is in no way unworthy of her powers. It has pages which display quite unusual talent and energy. Perhaps the melancholy of its close is somewhat gratuitous. The heroine marries the wrong man for tantalisingly poor reasons, and goes out of the story to cross the sea, and have a very bad time of it, one feels sure. Unfortunately, the right man, as a lover, was altogether incapable. He was admirable in many ways; yet one echoes the judgment of a friend of his, who was admirable in no way, but had glimmerings of human sense—"a kind of all-round A-oner in every other relation of life, but for a lover, to my thinking, you're the poorest, d—dest apology that ever walked beneath the moon." This most unsatisfactory of lovers is painted in a masterly fashion. Rarely has the shy man in love, the man who has not only been shy all his life, but lonely most of it, and who has, in consequence, got even none of his superficial shyness rubbed off, been so perfectly pictured. The heroine, too, is an excellent conception. Miss Mann puts in few strokes, but they each tell; and, if we had known Angela all her days, we should not have been more aware of the facts of her nature, especially the chief fact, that she was made to cling somewhere, and that, if one prop failed, she would rush impulsively to the next. If it was a sorry support, *tant pis*. The provincial backgrounds, prosperous and the reverse, especially the scenes in the life of the county town Emporium, are effectively managed. There is no wealth of detail insisted on, but we know Mr. Dann and Miss Ball and Miss Bobby as if they had cut ribbons and weighed cheese for us every market-day at least.

What has happened to Mr. Gilbert Parker? His new book, "The Battle of the Strong" (Methuen), would pass muster among the adventure stories of the day. Indeed, it would make a very creditable appearance there. But the grace, the lightness, the charm of his usual work, are conspicuously absent. He seems to have special sympathies with the French-speaking peoples under British rule. The French-Canadians have been his best inspiration in the past. Now he tries his hand at a story of the Channel Islands, of Jersey in the time of the Revolution. It turns out, in his hand, a vigorous tale, full of incident, and well worth telling, but without a trace of the ease and the mastery with which he touches Canadian subjects.

When mere critics read a line of what Mr. Swinburne says in prose, they feel what a poor thing their business is. He may not convince them that he is right in his prodigal use of superlatives. But what a generous condition his mind is in when, subtle and capable craftsman as he is, he can admire with such catholicity and such warmth! His latest literary judgment regards "Aurora Leigh," of which Messrs. Smith and Elder have just published a new edition. "It is one of the longest poems in the world," he says, "and there is not a dead line in it. The noble passion and the noble pathos of its greater parts are alike indiscussable and irresistible." This from a great poet, after little critics have been declaring Mrs. Browning *passée* and unreadable by the profound minds of to-day, should make the new generation open its eyes—profitably, too. Mr. Swinburne cannot make an exact statement, but, when he admires a thing passionately, he is always so much nearer the truth than the thing's detractors.

In "Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure," and "England's Ideal," Mr. Edward Carpenter set down the most and the best of his gospel. His distinction does not consist in the number of his novel ideas, but in that he has conceived fresh and original plans of existence, not in the vague, but as applicable to the life of each man and woman now who accepts them; and that he adheres to his ideals with perfect sincerity. It is a distinction far rarer than fine writing or than prolificness of theory. His new book, "Angels' Wings" (Sonnenschein), is, on the whole, disappointing. The essays deal with artistic subjects, with painting, poetry, and music; and, as criticism, they are indifferent. It would be the easiest thing in the world to pick holes in their judgments or their data. But their object is not to present detached criticisms in pictures or symphonies; and one thing raises the book quite out of the reach of the commonplace—the attitude of Mr. Carpenter to Art, and the fervent hope he expresses that the whole world will share it soon. Art is now a luxury, apart from active life; but this is all wrong. "When the time at length arrives for Life itself to become lovely and gracious, Art, as a *separate* thing from actual life, will surely surrender much of its importance." The spread and cultivation of Art will then only be a little movement in a greater one, in that which has for its ideal that every human being with a heart and brain should express himself, the primary object of life being Expression. The scramble for existence has hitherto been so tremendous that only a few have had time or chance to give shape to the message of their heart or brain. They have been driven shadows, wavering reflections, expressing anything rather than themselves. But—and Mr. Carpenter is delightfully, inspiringly hopeful—"we are now approaching a period when mankind will rise to something like a true understanding of Life, and to a subjugation of Materials to the need of Expression. . . . Then, at last, and after all these centuries, man's Work, his very Life, will become an Art—it will be an expression of himself; it will be a word of welcome to someone else." But what system is going to give each man a self to express? Still, do not let us carp at anything so inspiriting as Mr. Carpenter's statement of his great hope. o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Another Christmas has come and gone, and once more that annual miracle of stupidity, the British pantomime, has bloomed out on the world like a gigantic cabbage-rose or rosy cabbage. Though in other matters theatrical some progress is observable, the pantomime remains conventional and traditional. The same stories do duty in dozens of theatres year after year, and recur in regular cycles. The very names and characters of the personages in the fairy-tales are prescribed by usage. What would happen to the manager or author who should dare to have Aladdin's mother played by a woman, and called by some name less idiotic and incongruous than the Widow Twankey? And if the "principal boy" were ever to be a boy, or even a girl so dressed as slightly to resemble a boy in appearance, the critics of the pantomime would probably have fatal fits. This, of course, would be an additional argument in favour of the change.

And yet miracles of ingenuity are devoted yearly to the embellishment of pantomime. The processions are gorgeous, the scenic effects enchanting. The wonder is that such splendid and artistic embroidery is worked on to such poor, threadbare stuff. Not many persons outside the profession ever have occasion to study what is called the "book" of a pantomime. I once became possessed of the printed libretto of a very successful pantomime, to be repeated in the provinces after its London run. The worst musical comedy was poetry and philosophy to it. It was like nothing but a bad dream. There were semblances of couplets, attempts at metre and rhyme, heart-rending puns, one or two topical allusions; but it was only a poor pretence at coherence. Seen near at hand, the "book" was a mere distracted flicker of nonsense. Seen on the stage, it was a series of gorgeous pageants without reason, strung together with incongruous variety "turns." Now and then an attempt is made to do something better than this, but it seems doomed to disappointment. The "book" is just coherent enough to hamper the shows and music-hall business, but not good enough to stand alone. And the reason is that no attempt is made to form any original conception of what a pantomime is to be.

There are two great divisions of the pantomime audience—the children and the grown-ups. These are not rigidly divided; many modern children are terribly knowing and experienced, and many grown men and women are startlingly childish, but in the main we can say that the young and the adults form the two halves of the crowd packed into pantomime theatres. For the children, one would say that the marvels of scenery and costumes, the pageants and transformations, the carrying out of the story, and any simple, hearty fun that arises naturally from it, are the sources of attraction. The elder ones like the ballets, the music-hall "stars," the topical allusions. Nobody likes the puns now, but a few are put in by tradition. In fact, the Christmas pantomime is an ill-digested blend of several elements. It is a spectacular fairy extravaganza for the children, and a mix-up of ballet, music-hall, and burlesque for the elder ones.

Now, is there any reason why we should any longer endeavour to unite the incompatible and incongruous? What the children and a few of their elders would really like would be one of the fairy-tales, not necessarily one of the half-dozen or so that form the usual pantomime repertoire, but a story with a definite plot and an interesting development. Let pageantry be introduced lavishly, but as demanded by the story; and let nothing educational or modern or topical or "out of the picture" be allowed to spoil the artistic effect. There are plenty of writers who, though they may not have the habit of the stage, know exactly what children like. Bracket one of these with a stage expert and a good composer, and we shall have something between Gilbert and Sullivan and Humperdinck in style, with a dash of artistic gorgeousness to boot.

Then, for the older people, more sophisticated, let us have a really well-written *revue*. Let us get a number of literary men, journalists and dramatists, to collaborate in a sparkling travesty of the follies of the year, everything by turns and nothing long, with a dash of ballet and occasional popular music-hall songs neatly parodied and sandwiched in between bright original numbers. Not too elaborate, or it will be heavy; not savagely satirical, but light and elusive in touch—the sort of thing that I am told the Christmas Number of *Truth* used to be.

To be sure, our public is rather denser to allusions than the Paris audiences, and even in Paris the *revue* seems to win half its popularity by its frank appeal to the great goddess Lubricity. The costumes of a Parisian *revue* would be too much—or too little—for the tolerance even of our Mr. Redford. But, on the other hand, we take our politics in less deadly earnest than our neighbours. We could bring the "veiled lady" of the Dreyfus-Esterhazy-Henry-Picquart Affair on the stage, while they, for fear of a tumult, are restricted to ladies very much the reverse.

Only, in order to pay, with the present scale of expenses, the *revue* of 1898 would have to run well into 1900. MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

A very interesting and unconventional sketch of some black-and-white artists of the day appears in a little book called "At the Sign of the Brush and Pen," by Mr. J. G. Reid, published by Messrs. A. Brown and Co., of Aberdeen. Mr. Reid deals with Ralston, Hartrick, W. F. Thomas, Sickert, Donnison, Harry Payne, E. J. Sullivan, Jane, Chasemore, Boyd, Frank Craig, and Sir George Reid. That is a wide range, and Mr. Reid has a bright way of stating the characteristics of each. The book, which costs half-a-crown, is illustrated with representative samples of the work of each artist.

An excellent photograph of Lord Kitchener in his Cambridge Robes has been issued by Marion and Co.

Jean Levis Gérôme's "Diana," on exhibition at the New Gallery, has a very peculiar imaginativeness, which is fully apparent in the

Sir Thomas Carmichael's specimens of metal-work are arranged in another case. Among them special mention should be made of the boat-shaped incense-vessel of gilt copper, which was formerly in the Magniac collection. Immediately above this incense-vessel is a fifteenth-century bronze of a bambino from Florence. By the side of the navette is a remarkable inkstand with plaquettes by Giovanni delle Corniole illustrating scenes in the story of Coriolanus. At the bottom of the case is an elaborate inkstand with figures forming a group representing the martyrdom of St. Lawrence. Some of the other bronzes are adapted from antiques which were held in high repute by the connoisseurs of the sixteenth century.

Major V. A. Farquharson has lent a series of gun-locks, which form a complete history of this portion of a gun through all its developments, from the primitive matchlock down to the most finished flintlock used



DIANA.—JEAN LEVIS GÉRÔME.
NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

black-and-white reproduction here given. It is true that the Parisian coiffure seems a little absurd in those rare and splendid heights above the clouds, and perhaps the lady's quiver reminds one a little of a needle-case; but it has the grand style and a great composure.

South Kensington is once more in luck's way. The collections of the Museum have lately been enriched by the liberality of several gentlemen who have either lent or given their works of art for exhibition. Sir T. D. Gibson Carmichael, for example, has sent a varied and valuable collection. Four ivory plaques, dating from the fourteenth century, are of French workmanship, and are most delicately carved in openwork. Two other plaques, it may be remarked, from the same set are in the permanent collection of the Museum. Another very interesting ivory carving is the circular plaque of the Deposition from the Cross. It is probably Flemish work of the latter half of the fifteenth century. The tiny triangular shrine of silver holding carved ivory figures of the Virgin and Child, with St. John the Baptist and St. Catherine of Alexandria, is decorated at the back with the subject of the Crucifixion on a dark-blue enamelled ground. This is also French work of the fourteenth century. Perhaps even more interesting are two framed portraits of Dante and Beatrice in niello; these medallions date probably from the first half of the sixteenth century, and are mentioned by Cicognara in his "Memorie spettanti alla Storia della Calcografia."

in the early part of the nineteenth century. Some of these specimens are beautifully decorated, notably, three flintlocks of Spanish manufacture of about 1680.

Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., M.P., has lent a small but valuable collection of so-called Rhodian and Damascus wares. The large mug is of peculiar interest because of its rare salmon-coloured ground, which is covered with floral decoration. The little mug with sloping side and square-shaped handle has a diaper pattern on the magnificent red ground. In the same case is a fine, tall bottle, painted in blue, green, and red with hyacinths and other flowers. Mr. Moulton has also lent a small collection of metal-work, including a silver-gilt holy-water font in repoussé work, bearing the Paris hall-mark for 1725-6, and a silver jug, emblematic of Abundance, designed by J. C. Delafosse and figured in his "Nouvelle Iconologie Historique."

Mr. Henry Wallis has lent a small collection of old Italian pottery, probably made in Tuscany before the sixteenth century. The specimens are for the most part drug-vases which were used in pharmacies attached to monasteries and houses of noble families. It should also be added that the Museum has just acquired a small but very engrossing collection of newel-posts; they have been obtained at Brussels, and come from houses of the last century which have recently been demolished.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Her ladyship (née Miss Marion Lindsay) was married in 1882 to the Marquis of Granby, eldest son of the Duke of Rutland. She is a skilful artist, and a friend of artistes. The place depicted here is Cockayne Hatley, Potton, Bedfordshire, which is the property of Mr. Harry Cust, once editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

LADY GRANBY'S CHILDREN.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Lady Granby's only son, Lord Roos of Belvoir, born in 1886. He will yet be his Grace the Duke of Rutland.

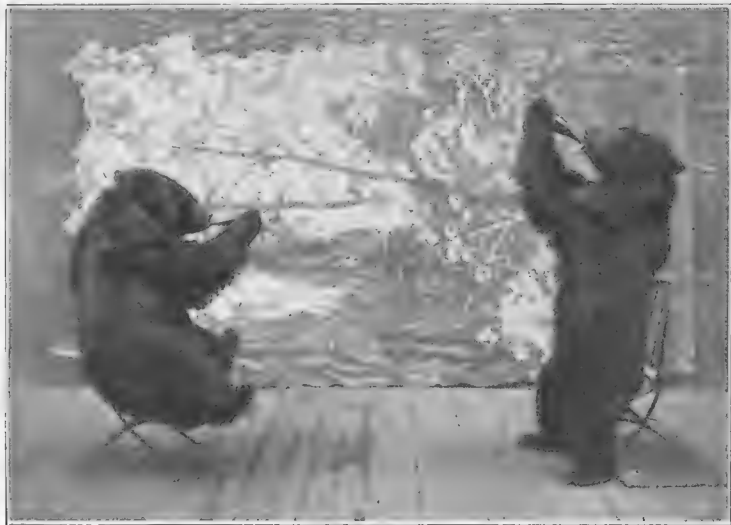


Lady Victoria and Lady Violet Manners. The elder is studying Mr. Nicholson's "Almanac of Sport." Her father is a keen angler.

BEARS AND THEIR TRAINING.

A CHAT WITH M. PERMANE.

One of the cleverest troupes of animals that have been exhibited in London for a long time past is M. Permane's troupe of trained Russian bears, which have been appearing at the Alhambra. The animals go through a



FATTY GETTING DRUNK.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

performance which reflects great credit on the patience and courage of their painstaking trainer, and the extraordinary part of it is that they are not chained or muzzled in any way. The audiences which have witnessed the entertainment seemed inclined to show a certain amount of fear at first, and naturally too, as the effects would be somewhat startling if Beauty or Bubu, each of whom weighs about 200 lb., and stands over six feet on her hind legs, took it into her head to make a promenade of the stalls; but no such untoward event has yet occurred, and the occupants of the stalls have become quite accustomed to their dangerous proximity, so they sit out the "turn" with equanimity, fortified with the reflection that the Russian bear has no terrors for the Englishman.

In order to give the readers of *The Sketch* as complete an idea of his method of training as possible, M. Permane, by kind permission of Mr. C. Dundas Slater, the ever-courteous manager of the Alhambra, took his van of bears and stage "props" to the vacant space adjoining the Alhambra, where the difficult ordeal of photographing took place. Hitherto Bruin has not shown any particular tractability when under the photographer's hands, and the story goes that when, on one occasion, a performing bear was being "taken," he suddenly pounced upon the photographer and his apparatus, and very soon little was left of either.

Some such ideas were uppermost in my mind when *The Sketch* photographer was fixing his lens on Beauty, who showed her resentment by giving me anything but a cordial welcome, as being the cause of all her troubles; but, fortunately, the ordeal passed off without any accidents, excepting when Bubu dropped her bottle of sugar-water and tried very hard to lick up the drops amid the broken glass.

Although M. Permane's name is foreign, his father being Spanish, he is proud of the fact that he is an Englishman—"born in 'Brum,' in fact." In appearance he is more like a schoolmaster, with his spectacles, than a trainer of one of the most ferocious species of wild beasts, and people who witness the performance wonder how this slim, meek-looking man achieves the wonderful results he does.

"It's all by patience and kindness and knowledge of the bear's nature," he said to me. "I am a bear-trainer by accident, and not by birth," he added, with a touch of humour, "and it occurred in this way. I was apprenticed as a circus-rider to Charles Adams, and was with him for fourteen years; when I drafted into Ciniselli's circus, and worked the Continent. While in Russia, twelve years ago, I was struck by the way in which the bear-cubs are brought up in the houses, just like dogs. Every tenth house has a cub, and the idea occurred to me that I would try and train one for show purposes. The attempt was successful, and I have been a bear-trainer since. The animals I am now performing with are all she-bears. I have always trained she-bears, not because I think they are more tractable, but merely because I am more accustomed to them, and I do not believe in mixing the sexes of wild animals for exhibition, as they generally fight each other. I have to be very careful, as it is, for sometimes they turn on me. My whole body is covered with bites and scratches, and (baring his arm) these marks you see are the effects of Beauty's teeth, which went clean through the limb. I have been fortunate, so far, that none of my animals have attacked me on the stage. When they have turned on me, it has been at rehearsal, when I have been trying to teach them a new trick. Bears are very obstinate, and it takes a long time to teach them; but, once they have acquired the trick, it is all smooth sailing, and they seldom forget. Some of the tricks take as long as six months to teach, and some longer. For instance, it occupied me nearly nine

months to teach Matuchka to walk on the ball on the see-saw forward and backward. Of course, I do not force tricks on old bears, but commence teaching them when they are cubs—that is, when they are from eight to twelve months old. Again, I do not force one of my bears to a trick if I see she has a decided objection to learning it; but naturally, one, by experience, can soon see when a bear will take kindly to any fresh tuition."

Going into the question of the value of bears, M. Permane informed me that you can buy baby cubs in Russian villages for as little as ten shillings, but a good full-grown cub will cost about £10, and, as it costs another £10 to bring it over here from Russia, an untrained cub will cost at least £20. So far, his bears have stood the climate well, but once, in Madrid, in the very hot weather, they showed unmistakable signs of illness. In the severe winter in Russia, the bears swoop down on the villages in search of food, and this fact elicited the following interesting piece of information.

"For six months—that is, in the winter—Russian bears live without food. They retire into caves and hollows of trees, and allow the snow to so completely cover them as to make a snow-house of themselves, and they remain dormant till the spring." During their hibernation, paradoxical as it may seem, they grow very fat internally, and they sustain themselves by sucking their toes, which produces the fat from the stomach known commercially as "bear's-grease."

M. Permane feeds his bears principally on bread and vegetable food, but very little meat. The restriction to vegetable food tends to make them less ferocious, as is the case with most herbivorous animals. On the stage they are plentifully supplied with sugar and carrots, and so accustomed are they to these dainties that they would not think of going through their performance unless they were tempted with their customary supper. The drinking act, which causes so much amusement, is very funny, but the liquid is not intoxicating, as one supposes, being only sugar-water. Not that Bruin objects to strong drinks. On one occasion M. Permane had the greatest difficulty in breaking Beauty and Bubu from a reprehensible habit they acquired of drinking bottled Bass in large quantities when performing near Burton-on-Trent, and it took a long time and a great deal of correction before they could adapt themselves to the less expensive and less alluring cheer of sugar-water. Even now they show a decided preference for whisky if it is put within their reach.

All the bears that M. Permane exhibits he has had since cubhood. Beauty, the ugliest and most spiteful, is nearly twelve years of age; Bubu, eleven years of age; Matuchka, the pretty grey, six years old; and Fatty, the little brown bear who runs on the stage and takes the bottle out of the attendant's coat-pocket, finishes the contents, and gets drunk, is only three years old. "Matuchka," by-the-by, is Russian for "little mother."

M. Permane has performed three times before the Queen-Regent of Spain at Madrid, and also before the Russian Imperial family. Asked if any fear or public objection had been shown to the bears going through their performances unmuzzled and unchained, he answered that he was interfered with once, at Paris, by the police authorities, but, on his giving the officials a private show, and an understanding that he would be responsible for the results, the entertainment was allowed to continue undisturbed. A big item in his expenses is the rate for travelling, especially in this country, where he has to pay a shilling a mile, while on the Continent it is only threepence a kilometre. "I leave the Alhambra



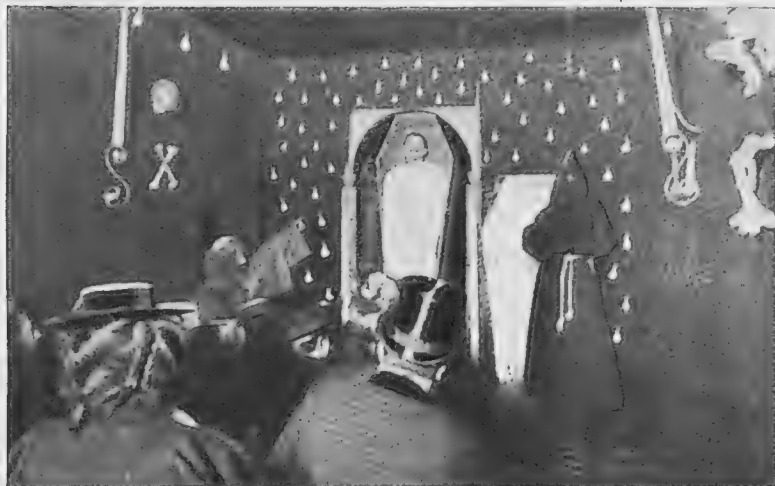
MATUCHKA WALKING ON THE BALL ON THE SEE-SAW.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

to show at Hull," M. Permane added, "and, as my railway bill will be over £10, you can see that bear-training is not 'all honey.'"

But it will please young and old to know that M. Permane and his trained, not tamed, bears have not left us altogether, as Mr. Slater has secured their services for a return engagement next year. A. H. V.

THE CAFÉ OF DEATH.



Someone from the audience, man or woman, frequently a 'chubby-faced girl, probably in collusion with the management, enters the coffin, and a sheet is placed over the body.



Gradually the figure becomes a skeleton before the eyes of the petrified audience.

"Welcome to the house of death! Take a seat either on the right or the left." Such is the strange greeting that falls upon your ears when, having pushed aside the heavy black curtain that hangs over the doorway, you first find yourself in the dimly lighted room beyond. The voice, slow, solemn, and chanting, proceeds from the gloom in which the farther end of the chamber is enveloped, and, impressed already, you mechanically drop down on the low straw chair that is nearest to you.

After the first few seconds of surprise have passed, and you have grown somewhat accustomed to the strange atmosphere, you begin to observe your surroundings more closely and carefully. The form of the polished oak table before which you are sitting, and the top of which is almost on a level with your chin, seems unusual. The top at one particular place is broader than it is at either of the extremities, one of which tapers away almost to a point; the sides are much deeper than those of a table generally are, and your knees inform you that they are united at the bottom as they are at the top—that the table, in fact, is not a table, but a box. You glance underneath; it is supported, not on legs, but on trestles. Another rapid survey of the whole, and, by an instantaneous process of induction, you suddenly realise that you are sitting in front of a coffin. Barely have you made this gruesome discovery ere you are startled by a sepulchral "Brother," uttered at your elbow. "What poison do you prefer, brother?" Then you recollect that you are in a café, a Parisian café; "Café du Néant" was inscribed over the door—the Café of Nihility, of Death! It is but natural that in a café there should be waiters. This man addressing you,

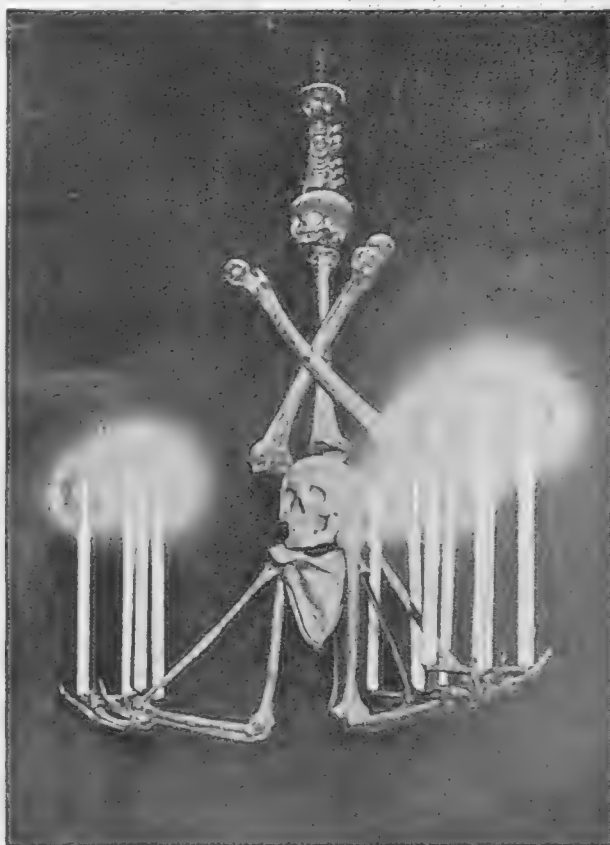
however, is as unlike an ordinary waiter as the table is unlike an everyday table. His tall, black, crape-bound, glazed hat, rusty suit of broadcloth, and white necktie all proclaim him to be a *croque-mort*—the mute of France.

Having placed a glass of beer in front of you, and lighted a wax taper, which he fixes upright in a small hole arranged for the purpose in the lid of the coffin, he informs you how many sous beer and taper together cost, pockets the money, and retires as solemnly as he approached, having first told you in a gloomy whisper that the deceased died of cholera.

It is all done in such a perfectly natural manner that your hilarity is never for a moment aroused; the incongruity of the situation now hardly strikes you. The other visitors to the café, seated at the dozen coffins or so ranged up both sides of the room, are evidently as much impressed as you are. Everything tends to heighten the illusion. On the black walls, in guise of ornaments, hang skulls and crossbones, funereal tablets speaking of death and decay, pictures the figures in which change suddenly into death's-heads and skeletons. Depending from the ceiling is a chandelier composed entirely of human bones, though the room is illuminated principally by the flickering tapers fixed in the coffin-lids. The voice that bade you welcome when you entered has ever since been mumbling a sort of interminable burlesque sermon on the fragility of human existence, the speaker attired in clerical garb—long black coat, high

white collar—and with clean, plump, rosy face, on which there is never the ghost of a smile, be the absurdities he utter what they may.

At length, all the straw chairs being occupied, the sermon comes to



The Chandelier.



"There is no King more terrible than Death!"



The waiters are attired like monks of the Misericordia.

an abrupt termination, and the "mourners" are invited to enter the vaults. Taper in hand, you form one of a procession through several tortuous, winding passages, cunningly arranged to resemble underground stone corridors. The walls are covered with half-obliterated inscriptions, and the surface of the stone is, in places, peeling off, the work of damp and years being cleverly simulated. A mouldy, earthy odour has even been provided, that has effectually chilled away any still remaining vestiges of a desire to laugh by the time you enter a long, narrow chamber hung entirely with black cloth. The black ceiling and black walls are thrown into greater relief by the glistening human bones that hang upon them. At one end of the mortuary chamber the continuity of the walls is broken by an oblong opening, going back apparently about a dozen feet or so, and brilliantly illuminated. At the farther end of this recess there stands, on end, an empty, lidless coffin.

The door of the chamber having been closed, and silence called for, a Grey Friar preaches a short homily on death, mingling the sacred and the profane in the same colourless voice, and, finally, calling attention to "the box that makes the whole world equal," asks whether anyone present has the courage to enter it and make the terrible journey to eternity.

One of the mourners accepts the invitation. The red-robed acolyte opens a door concealed in the wall near the recess, and bids the bold volunteer follow him. The door closes, and, a moment or two later, the man has entered the coffin, in which he is standing upright in front of your eyes. The acolyte adjusts a white winding-sheet so as to cover the occupant of the coffin from head to foot, the face alone being left exposed to view.

On the face there is a sickly smile, as if it were wanting to protest that it found nothing unusual in its present position. Now the slow strains of a Dead March played on an organ begin to pervade the chamber. The Grey Friar has ceased speaking, the fixed smile on the face in the coffin has a ghastly look of constraint, as if the lips had lost their power of closing over the shining teeth.

Is it fancy, or is the colour of the face really changing? A few more seconds, and there can no longer be any doubt left; the complexion of the man in the coffin has become of an ashen grey! The orbits of the eyes start into prominence, the contour of the nose disappears, the lips are fading away! On the forehead and cheeks hideous livid patches start into prominence. Now the places where eyes and nose were a few seconds ago have become black, gaping holes. Little by little the winding-sheet has been growing transparent, and, underneath, at first the outline, then the details, of the fleshless skeleton are seen! In the coffin there is now, apparently, all that remains of a human being before the last act of the drama—the crumbling into dust—is effected.

There is a hush in the room. One or two feeble attempts at a coarse joke, uttered in tones of bravado, find no responsive echoes. Everyone present is staring with wide-open eyes at what is in the coffin. The silence is broken by the voice of the Grey Friar announcing that the resurrection will now begin. The strains of the organ are again audible. The skeleton is covered by a semi-transparent cloud, which gradually takes the opaqueness of the winding-sheet you had seen before hiding the bones from view. The face, too, is undergoing a transformation. Semblances of nose and eyes have taken the places of the dark, empty sockets; the horrible violet and green tints again make their appearance, slowly giving place to a cadaverous pallor, that in turn changes to the roseate hue of life, and the inmate of the coffin steps out of it as he entered, once more a living, breathing human being.

Though you are perfectly aware it has all been nothing but a trick, very cleverly performed, it is impossible to prevent a sigh of relief as you see the man once again restored to life, and when, in filing out of the room, you drop a coin into the iron alms-box held by the monk at the door, you are still uncertain whether you are leaving a real mortuary vault or the back-parlour of a Paris café.

In an adjacent room, contrived to resemble a ruined cellar, you witness a series of optical illusions of a far less lugubrious character, in order, no doubt, that you may not carry away with you too gloomy an impression—illusions which, though the Englishman in Paris may look at, the Englishman in England may not describe in print and live.

And so, as the immortal Pepys would say, home to bed, taking a last look as you cross the street at the ghastly green lamps just shedding sufficient radiance to feebly illumine the black shutters, always hermetically closed, of the Café du Néant. If philosophically inclined, you may while away your time as you walk to your lodging by making profound if sterile reflections on the strange tastes that lurk at the bottom of human nature, and of the commercial instinct that is cunning enough to scent them out and exploit them.

A. ANDERSON.

SUBTERRANEAN PARIS.

Everybody knows that the foundations of London are honeycombed with cellars and vaults, and intersected by vast sewers, gas-mains, and electric wires; but few are aware that for very many years a great portion of modern Paris has stood upon broad stone arches spanning enormous chasms many feet in depth and miles in length.

It was by mere chance that I heard the startling story, and I did not at first believe it. I was sub-editor in Paris of the *Galignani Messenger* at the time, I remember, and, seated with a fellow-scribbler at supper just after midnight in an Empire café near Clichy, I happened to enter into conversation with some three or four French artisans who, rather the worse for absinthe, had shortly before stopped playing cards and now sat quarrelling round a neighbouring table.

"Can it all be true?" I said to my companion, when at length the Frenchmen, after jovially bidding us *Bonne nuit*, had dispersed, and he and I alone occupied the little saloon.

"We must find out, anyhow," he answered; and find out we eventually did, though weeks elapsed before we succeeded in doing so, and ultimately in persuading the artisans, who, we discovered, regularly frequented the Empire café, to guide us into the secret, subterranean caverns of Paris, which extend from the elevated Faubourg St. Jacques down almost to the Val de Grâce district, so long famous for its Convent of English Benedictines.

Never shall I forget the impression the first sight of those vast caves and crypts made upon me. Small wonder, indeed, that the Paris authorities should for so many years have done all in their power to keep secret all knowledge of the bare existence even of the mighty caverns which immediately underlie so large an area of their proud capital. We had descended by rough stone steps to a depth of three hundred and fifty perpendicular feet, and, though the alley-way along which we proceeded first is narrow at the beginning and slopes gradually upward, it became broader when we had walked a couple of hundred yards or so along it. Then, of a sudden, we found ourselves at a point where a number of wide streets converge—eight or ten there must be. All these streets have names or numbers placarded at their corners, and here and there may even be seen remnants of tattered advertisement placards. "Who can have taken the pains and gone to the expense of advertising down here?" I happened to inquire of one of the artisans directing us, but he merely shrugged his shoulders, and, muttering "Sais pas," turned into a by-street from which several more streets branch away at various sharp angles. Presently, we came to another flight of steep steps, down which, a moment later, we were all cautiously descending, though by now the blood was throbbing in our heads and our ears buzzed painfully, and, more than once, the oppressiveness of the atmosphere seemed to affect us both. A noggin of cognac apiece, however, had a somewhat stimulating effect; at any rate, after swallowing it, we felt better able to look about us once more and make mental notes of all we saw.

Most of the streets vary considerably in their dimensions. Some are broad and very lofty, others almost cramped, but everywhere the damp roof lets fall some slimy moisture that can be heard dripping almost incessantly, and in places be discovered becoming congealed until it resembles translucent stalactites. Here and there we passed iron scaffolding, stone pillars, and wooden props, many of the last-named greatly decayed; and now and again, by the light of our candles, we could distinctly discern broad stone flags jammed against the overhanging roof and arches, and kept there by means of stout poles of timber. Evidently these flags serve to support the buildings immediately overhead. By now we had been underground for close upon six hours, and we had walked, so the workmen told us, between four and five miles in a more or less circuitous route. It was one of the artisans, indeed, who at this juncture suggested that we should return to the surface, and, as by this time our heads were aching severely, we at once agreed to the proposal.

Several times during our strange ramble I had inquired of our guides whether they knew or could guess how such curious caverns and subterranean streets, formed evidently by human hands, came to be there; but by way of reply they simply shrugged their shoulders again, grinned stupidly, and remarked as before, "Sais pas," or, by way of variety, "Sais rien." For many months, therefore, I have endeavoured to obtain authentic information concerning the origin and possible use of these caverns, which I cannot help thinking must be in some way connected with the subterranean dens of infamy so common in at least one notorious *quartier* of the Gay City, and it is only now that I have come across, in a volume published about the middle of the last century, a passage which seems to throw light upon the subject. The work in question is entitled "Tableaux de Paris." The passage begins on the twelfth page of the fifth chapter of the first volume, and, translated, it runs as follows—

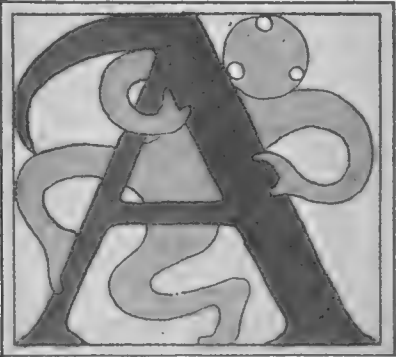
In order to build up Paris in the first instance [the writer remarks] it became necessary to procure stone for building purposes from some locality as near at hand as possible, a very great quantity of it being, of course, required. Now, all around the district then called Paris there existed immense virgin quarries of very hard and durable stone, and much of this, it was therefore decided, must be excavated. Quarried out it consequently was, and soon the city of Paris began to grow apace. So rapidly, indeed, did it spread that within comparatively few years the very edges of these vast quarries were reached. This being so, no alternative remained but to arch over the now disused pits and build the new houses upon the arches themselves. This was soon done. Then, as the town required to spread still further, more arches were built and more houses erected, so that now many of the great buildings in Paris which you behold towering into the skies are practically without foundations. Hence, then, the frightful chasms (*les concavités effrayantes*) to be found to this day under the houses in many districts: in reality these houses stand upon abysses (*elles portent sur les abîmes*). No very severe shock, then, would be needed to hurl back those great masses of stone into the yawning pits from which so many years ago they were removed with so much difficulty. The fact of eight men being suddenly engulfed in a chasm a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and a few minor accidents of the same sort having lately occurred, have at last caused the police and the Government to take precautionary measures—so much so, indeed, that buildings in various parts of the town have been propped up from below without the knowledge of their owners. All the suburbs of St. Jacques, the Rue de la Harpe, and even the Rue de Tournon, are supported upon arches built over disused quarries, and, in order to strengthen the arches in those districts, pillars have been set beneath them. What material for reflection is here if we think of this vast city, made up of, and supported by, things so diametrically opposed. Nearly all the towers that we see in Paris, as well as the steeples, the arched roofs of the temples and churches, and many public buildings, are but so many reminders that the stately edifices standing there before our eyes have been dug out from under our very feet, that there they rightly belong, that there they may one day return.

BASIL TOZER.

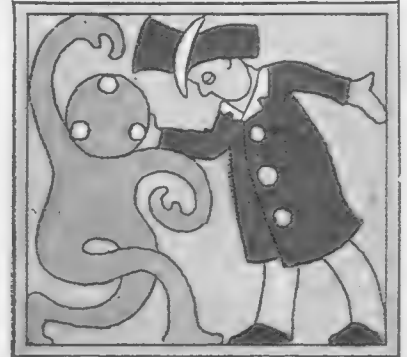
BY GELETT BURGESS

A BIOGRAPHY OF FAMOUS GOOPS

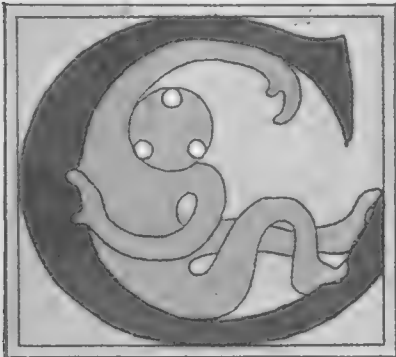
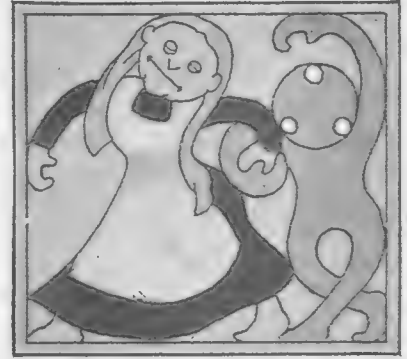
ABEDNEGO TO EZEKIEL



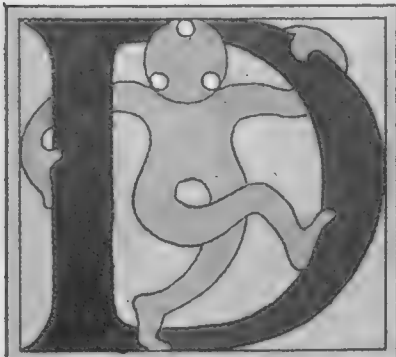
ABEDNEGO was Meek and Mild;
He softly Spoke, he sweetly Smiled.
He never called his Playmates Names,
And he was good in Running-Games;
*But he was often in Disgrace
Because he had a Dirty Face.*



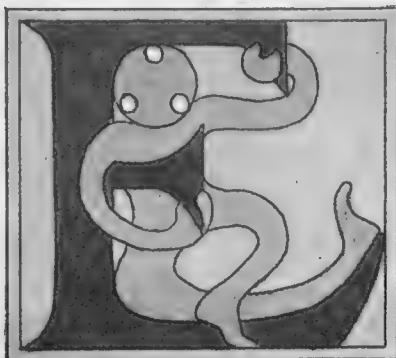
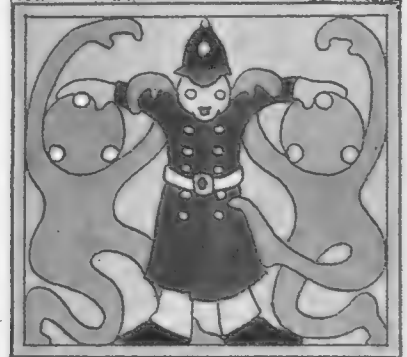
BOHUNKUS would take off his Hat,
And Bow and Smile, and Things like That.
His Face and Hair were always Neat,
And when he Played, he did not Cheat;
*But oh! what Awful Words he Said
When it was Time to go to Bed!*



The gentle CEPHAS tried his Best
To Please his Friends with merry Jest;
He tried to Help them, when he Could,
For CEPHAS, he was Very Good;
*And yet—they say he used to Cry,
And Once or Twice he Told a Lie!*



DANIEL and DAGO were a pair
Who Acted Kindly Everywhere;
They Studied hard, as Good as Gold,
They Always did as they were Told
They never put on Silly Airs,
But they took Things that were not Theirs!



EZEKIEL, so his Parents said,
Just simply *Loved* to Go to Bed;
He was as Quiet as could Be
Whenever there were Folks to Tea;
*And yet he had a little Way
Of Grumbling when he should Obey!*



THE MANUFACTURE OF PROPHETS.*

It is, if you please, a cant maxim that high ambitions are to be judged by high standards, and I have just encountered a collection of essays that are in a state of absolute distension with high ambitions. As to whether it will be necessary to follow the rule out, and to criticise with the grand exclusive air—that is another question. Readers may judge for themselves after an impartial reviewer has said his say. The impartial reviewer, it is true, is not treated with regal courtesy by the various essayists who have built up this volume; he is, somewhere in these pages, described as one who takes a side—any side—for the sake of so much a line. The impartial reviewer has no “message” for the authors of “Prophets of the Century,” for that is the terrifying title of the book; and if you wish to know the names of the authors, here they are—Mr. Arthur Rickett, M.A., LL.B. (the editor), Mr. Tudor Pritchard, Mr. A. L. Lilley, M.A., Mr. William Clarke, M.A., Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., Mr. W. Blake Odgers, LL.D., Mr. Leslie A. St. L. Toke, M.A.; and four others who do not appear with the glory of suffixed initials. Oh, these suffixes! Most of us remember the time when it was a convention to write “M.A.” on the cover of a book. The country parson of the last century did it uniformly. Now it is rare apart from books which have an academic significance. But Arthur Rickett, William Clarke, and the rest of these obscure gentlemen, sign their names “Arthur Rickett, M.A.,” “William Clarke, M.A.,” and so on, at the end of their articles.

The aim of this book is described by Mr. Arthur Rickett, M.A., LL.B., as “to meet the need of those who, before entering upon a study of the writers dealt with in this volume, wish to know something of their message.” Apart from the doubt which anybody may legitimately feel as to whether there is a likelihood of a single human creature desiring to know any author’s “message”—whatever the silly word may mean—at second-hand, it is interesting to note that of those dozen “master spirits of the age” whose “ideas have helped so largely to influence the minds of men in this century,” nine are dead writers of English, and two are living writers of foreign tongues, which, at the outset, strikes one as the strangest of strange selections. Moreover, though with one exception the “prophets” are all really great literary men, I doubt much if one of these English writers has had a serious influence upon Continental thought.

Let me suppose the grotesque title put for the moment on one side, and that the book were called, say, in John Oliver Hobbes fashion, “Eight Englishmen, Two Americans, and Two Foreigners,” it will be profitable to consider how Mr. Arthur Rickett, M.A., LL.B., and the Knights of his Round Table have fulfilled their tasks. The first question which they have in each case set themselves to answer is, “What is the message which this writer sent to the world?” It is difficult to know what precise meaning to attach to that much-overdone and rather faded word “message.” No writer, it seems to me, can ever be said to have one definite message, for if you will sum up for me one tendency of a writer and call it the message, I will, without any difficulty, sum up another tendency, sometimes contradictory, and often quite alien to your conclusion, and call *that* the message. Take Mr. Ruskin, for example. How many are the occasions upon which, in his own unique literary style, he has flatly contradicted on one day the opinion he held the day before? And if a message is to be considered as the sum of a writer’s opinions, how are you to come to any definite end in the matter, unless, indeed, you adopt the vague language of platitude and write yourself down commonplace with the profound air of a philosopher? These good gentlemen, M.A.’s, LL.B.’s, M.P.’s, LL.D.’s, and the rest of it, forget entirely, it seems to me, that even a prophet is a man, that he has the usual bundle of contradictions within him incident to all humanity, that he cannot be turned suddenly into a waxwork, or convention, a mere mouthpiece of fixed proverbs and definite maxims. It is true that certain writers are mastered by particular doctrines, and that they have characters of their own; but what a search into the obvious, what a handling of the superficial, to seize upon these patent differences and label them “messages”! It is just as though you said of a woman with the finest conceivable blue eyes that she had a blue-eyed message, instead of saying that she was a grand specimen of a blue-eyed woman.

I have said that you can only get out of the difficulty by adopting the vague language of platitude, and I fear that is the note of these most well-intentioned essays throughout. Mr. Tudor Pritchard begins in fine style. “Nature,” says he with startling insight, “is a teacher who demonstrates, but does not speak.” Wordsworth the artist is not Mr. Pritchard’s game. “His interest to us lies in another direction. What did he teach?” Well, Mr. Pritchard has his answer pat. “Instead of the crowded streets of cities, you must seek the bare mountains, the lonely plain, the stream that issues from some hillside far away. For companions the simple villager, unsophisticated, ignorant of all beyond the horizon of his native place; the sky, the stars, all growing things, the humble animals of the earth, the brown earth itself; the winds; the birds and fishes.” The net result of such behaviour will be, according to Mr. Pritchard, that “the soul is stripped of the artificial, the trappings of a self-styled civilisation fall down. The soul attunes itself to the eternal. . . . It attains freedom and draws nearer to the sacred sources of all.” These, he complacently adds, “are the main points of Wordsworth’s creed.” Is that what the artist of the Sonnets, and “Nutting,” and “Tintern,” and “Intimations of Immortality” came into the world to teach? Is that the twaddling gospel he himself followed in season and out of season, with the simple villager and the fishes and the brown earth, *et patata*

et patata, for sole companions? Has Mr. Tudor Pritchard ever tried the life himself among the humble animals of the earth? Has anybody tried it except the simple villager? And does he thereby draw nearer to the sacred sources of all? The simple villager has his “Red Lion” and his crony, just as Wordsworth had his club and his friends, and as Mr. Pritchard has for associates Mr. Arthur Rickett, M.A., LL.B., and Mr. Blake Odgers, LL.D., and the other intellectual gentlemen who have helped to produce between them “Prophets of the Century.” It would take a good deal more than the brown earth and the humble animals to make the simple villager feel his soul attuned to the eternal, and in consequence know that it is part of the eternal. “Happy shall we be, happy indeed the nation,” sings Mr. Pritchard with lyric rapture, “that strives for the realisation of the seer’s thought.” We have seen what he considers to be the “main points of” the seer’s creed. What? Have we *all* to fly to the simple villager and the brown earth and the winds and the fishes? There really will not be enough simple villagers for us all, and he who discovered a large colony of them somewhere hidden upon the brown earth would be regarded as a sort of Californian pioneer.

I have dealt with one of the “messages” at some detail, not because it necessarily leads to more absurdities than any of the others, but because it is easier to show from one conclusive example the fallacies of this method of dealing with big literary men, who, like all human beings, are beset by moods, by change, and by the contradictory issues of the unintelligible world. No doubt that, in a certain mood, Wordsworth strongly desired the simple villager and the brown earth—possibly even the winds. Let us leave the mood at that; it is enough that an artist expressed it in words. One of the essayists, for example, actually perceives in one instance how contradictions of this grotesque kind must arise; yet he does not see that his method is, therefore, bad. It is in Mr. William Arthur’s essay on Carlyle that this passage occurs: “Carlyle teaches us that every human being is a manifestation of the Eternal; he implies that, gathered together, looked at as a whole, human beings are a little better than animals.” Why, certainly Carlyle gave expression to both sentiments, because the prophet of last week is not consistently the prophet of next month. But set the two utterances side by side and make a message of them, and see where you will land. Of course, there are certain writers whose strength and persistence seem to put them on a plane of unusual consistency; but, as I have maintained already, it is the most obvious and uninteresting matter to skim these perfectly patent convictions from the surface and label the result a message. It is true, for example, that an insistence on duty is a prominent feature of George Eliot’s work. Does anybody require to be told that by Mr. Arthur Rickett, M.A., LL.B., either before or after he studies that work? And once more we drift into vague platitude when he tells us that her “gospel of sympathy” is part of her “message.” How far are we to go with sympathy? I sympathise, for example, with her beautiful Tito most keenly. She, in her own person and by her own creative act, threw him outside the right to any sympathy by reason of that very “law of retribution” which, as Mr. Rickett informs us, is part also of her “message.” No; whichever way you look at it, the message system will not work when you are avowedly dealing not with a body of compact philosophy written under single compulsion, and with a simple and clear intention, but with various and multiform aspects of life expressed by the great gods of literature under the influence of a thousand changing emotions. Of course, if you like to call a philosophical system a message, you may; so may any LL.D., any LL.B., any M.A. or any M.P. that ever lived.

It was perhaps necessary that such a book should contain a certain amount of pure literary criticism; but I grieve to say that I have not encountered anything which has struck me as being in the least degree a valuable contribution to that art. On the other hand, there is a good deal of criticism which sinks below the level of quite ordinary daily newspaper reviewing. The view of Mr. Arthur Rickett, M.A., for example, of “Silas Marner” seems to me to be formed upon a most careful avoidance of its essential beauty. But the most amazing few pages of criticism that I have read for long come from the pen of W. Blake Odgers, Esq., LL.D., in a comparison between Tennyson and Browning. His method is not to set the poets together, but to set himself between them, in the one instance himself playing the part of Browning, in the other that of Tennyson. He takes Tennyson’s “Revenge,” for instance, and describes how the poem progressed in his hands. Then he turns round and explains that Browning would have written a very different work on the same subject. “The poem,” says he, “would have opened abruptly, *something like this*, perhaps.” The italics are mine. Here are Mr. Odgers’ first four lines of Browning’s supposed poem—

Here I, Sir Richard Grenville, lie!
Here on the Spanish deck I die!
And these Spanish curs stand round,
With their courtesies profound.

Is it possible to imagine anything more astounding than this suggestion? If Mr. Odgers had actually written four stirring lines marked by Browning’s shrewd perception of character, the impudence of the thing would have been extraordinary enough. But—well, is it worth while saying anything about these four lines? Then Mr. Rickett, M.A., talks about something “which one might have expected to have exercised an influence,” and gaily trots out the split infinitive, and all within a compass of eight lines.

Here I must halt. I hold it to have been a great blunder that “Prophets of the Century” ever came to be published. If King Arthur Rickett, M.A., LL.B., and the Knights of his Round Table had restrained their views to the privacy of their banqueting-hall, it would have mattered nothing. As it is, they court only derision. V. B.

* “Prophets of the Century.” Edited by Arthur Rickett, M.A., LL.B. London: Ward, Lock.

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AUSTRALIAN BIRDS: THE EMU.

Australia's largest bird is still plentiful in many parts of the country, though there are localities where the Emus have been so mercilessly killed down that the Legislature has stepped in to protect it. In New South Wales, a few years ago, an Act was passed making it illegal to kill the bird or to take its eggs, under a penalty of ten shillings per egg, for a period which expired last year; in Queensland the Emu evidently stood in no danger of extermination, for in 1895 a Sydney paper stated that one boundary-rider on a sheep-farm near Brisbane collected in a single season upwards of 1123 eggs, which were sold in Brisbane at a shilling apiece. In former days the "black fellow" and wild dog were the Emu's worst enemies; in more recent times the bird has suffered at the hands of the white man, who hunts it for sport with kangaroo-dogs, a fast and powerful cross between the mastiff and greyhound, or shoots it in defence of his wire boundary fences, which suffer seriously when so heavy and swift a bird runs up against them at full speed. Unlike its African cousin, the ostrich, the Emu has no value as a feather-producing bird, though its beautiful eggs, dark green in colour and rough of surface, are much in request to be mounted as vases and similar ornaments.

Emus are generally seen in pairs, and affect the great plains, on whose grass they chiefly subsist. They nest during the Australian winter, in May and June. They have more advanced ideas on the subject of nesting than the ostrich, who is content to lay her eggs in a scraping in the sand; the Emu chooses a place near some tree or stump, and here collects a bed of leaves, grass, or bark. There is a touch of originality about this nest: it is quite flat, only an inch or two thick, and, instead of following the rule of circularity, is an oblong, about four feet in length and two feet six inches across. The bird is not exacting in the matter of materials; she is satisfied with whatever happens to be convenient, often stripping the bark from the tree near which she has selected her site and using that for the purpose. On the bed so constructed the hen lays her eggs, disposing them so that their length lies with the length of the oval nest. She may lay as many as eighteen eggs, but this number is exceptional, the average "clutch," according to Mr. A. J. Campbell, being only nine; the same writer states that the duty of hatching the eggs is undertaken entirely by the cock, who has to devote eight weeks to the business. The bird's habit of laying in the winter is, no doubt, to be explained by the needs of the chicks; these, appearing in the early spring, then find awaiting them in abundance the tender herbage on which they live. The plumage of the chick is curiously unlike that of the old bird; the latter is uniform sober brown, whereas the little one is greyish-white, barred lengthwise with broad black stripes; it is, however, not long ere it assumes the dress of the full-grown bird. The Emu has the reckless appetite and splendid digestion which distinguish its family. Mr. Campbell says that its constitution is proof against strychnine, and, though dependent on water, it has been known, in seasons of drought, to resort to the sea-shore and satisfy thirst with brine.—c.



THE EMU.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

"A REVERSION TO TYPE."

"Will you have a pea-nut?" asked the latter-day monkey of his historic ancestor, who sat chattering on a swinging trapeze.

"I don't confine myself to single instances," retorted the monkey.

The man who had just entered the Monkey House pushed a bag of nuts against the cage. "What is your opinion of man?" asked the intruder.

"As man, he is a low-class monkey," said the ape. "He cannot even do this, for instance," he added parenthetically, as he shot into space and swung with his tail round the bar. "He's afraid to show his tail, when a prehensile tail is the root of creation. The first monkey, as a man, was a creative faculty; but the first man, as a monkey, was a failure. There is no distinction, you say? There is the difference of distinction. A monkey is a distinguished man, but a man can never be a monkey. Yourself, for example; your face is familiar to me. It is so ugly that I have not forgotten it, only forgotten where I saw it. The charm of our ugliness is the wisdom it conceals; but you, your nose shows you have no wisdom. Who ever saw a nose like that in a true man. Don't you sneeze when you drink? Can you chew cocoanuts without chipping your nose? You are the most absurd monkey I have ever seen. Fancy a man whose nose protrudes! No wonder you are wired off from us, with such a dangerous projection."

The monkey resumed his toilet. In a little he began to speak again.

"Can you climb a monkey-puzzle?" asked the antediluvian man.

"I have you hypped!" cried the intruder. "Neither can you."

"We have made the monkey-puzzle possible. You regard it as a mere tree," said the early man.

Sounds of footsteps broke in upon the conversation.

"Hullo! here's your keeper," said the man who was a monkey.

"Not so much chattering there," said the keeper; "you're frightening the children."

The monkey who was a man laughed, but the man who was a monkey became

quite grave. He scrambled down the netting of the cage, and glowered in a corner at his two prototypes. The conversation became triangular, and the keeper listened attentively to the contravening views.

"Of you two monkeys, who is the superior to the other?" he asked.

"I am prehistoric man," said the idealised ape. "He is merely descended from Darwin. And even then the theory is not complete. You claim to be a man and look like a monkey. You say I am a monkey who looks like a man. It seems to me that we think oppositely. I know I am a man; and, if I am a monkey, you cannot be a man, because man is descended from a monkey. You appear to be descended from nothing. We monkeys have an ancient difference of opinion with the races of the world. In its early history, we are the man creation; therefore, in the modern mystery, we cannot be monkeys. It is so simple and so obvious, but what is more funny is that you accept yourself seriously. How can you, when you don't know what you are?"

The man behind the wire-netting shot up the sides of the cage. His ascent created a diversion.

KING CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

It seems to be time for managers to consider some questions of theatre construction, so far, at least, as the further side of the footlights is concerned. Mr. E. O. Sachs, in his colossal work, has shown how much has been done by science in Continental playhouses in the way of enabling complex large scenes to be shifted rapidly, and it is a pity that some of the ideas are not adopted in London. One does not want two surfeits in quick succession—a surfeit of turkey and plum-pudding on Christmas Day, and then a surfeit of pantomime on Boxing Day; and the result of the surfeits, I fear, is a tendency to write in a bilious, jaundiced spirit. Who can think of five hours of pantomime, however good, without something of a sigh? A worse matter is the injustice done to authors, players, and managers. When the unsophisticated playgoer watches the desperate, long-drawn-out efforts of a couple of players to be amusing, he wonders at the stupidity of people who do not cut the piece properly, and little thinks that messages are being passed from the wings begging the strugglers to keep the ball rolling a little longer, so that the scene may be set. The “carpenter scenes” grieve the author, who cannot tell his story concisely, but is forced to interrupt it by apparently needless interludes, and they put a cruel tax on the actors. Yet, as matters stand, they are absolutely necessary.

One, therefore, has to make allowances before considering the question whether the two pantomimes of the West-End are better or worse than their predecessors. The general judgment seems to be in their favour. People are already talking with enthusiasm about the comicalities of the inimitable Mr. Dan Leno and the splendour of the Porcelain Ballet, about the humour of Mr. Fred Eastman at the other house and the loveliness of the Slave Ballet and Dick’s Dream. The history of the production at Drury Lane by Mr. Arthur Collins of “The Forty Thieves,” and by Mr. Oscar Barrett at the Adelphi of “Dick Whittington,” would make a curiously interesting book. What rival efforts to secure this and that performer, to win the exclusive right to give this and that tune, and to acquire the sole property in this or that novelty, it would disclose! The result of the struggle this year is that the two pantomimes show greater resemblance in feeling than ever before—so far as my memory goes. Of course, my memory goes back but faintly to the days of Adelphi pantomimes, and by the two I mean those of the present rival caterers.

“THE FORTY THIEVES,” AT “THE LANE.”

The pantomime at Drury Lane started unluckily. Mr. Sturgess and Mr. Collins, the authors, relied on the beauty and vivacity of Miss Amelia Stone as Morgiana, and Mr. James Glover, the musician, put trust in her sweet and powerful voice; but, alas, after a few minutes, it became obvious that the clever American was not herself, and during the interval notice of her retirement was given. Here was a cruel blow. Luckily, worse did not remain behind. There were the usual hitches and the burning of a rubber pipe by a thoughtless fuse gave a moment’s thrill, and a cloud of smoke, which lent for a moment an exquisite touch of distance effect to the gorgeous Porcelain scene—the Wagner steam device might usefully be employed to replace this—and a smell that suggested the asphaltting of our streets by the brawny Italian labourers. On the whole, however, all went smoothly, from the ingeniously amusing scene where the bad fairy is tried in the children’s police-court, to the end of the harlequinade. Ought one to tell the story, or even to point out where the new version differs from the old? Perhaps not. Some divergencies are regrettable. The second half, with its excursion of all the characters to London, seems to belong to burlesque, and not to pantomime, and it is a pity that the old tale should lose its flavour and colour. Otherwise one must not complain. Indeed, who wishes to complain, when he can see Captain Abdallah Dan Leno enter, à la d’Artagnan, on a fantastic yellow horse, and watch him dancing à l’Espagnol and using all his amazing resources by the hour with unflagging spirit? Who wishes to complain when Mr. Herbert Campbell appears as Miss Edna May, and complains that “they never follow me”; or when Miss Nellie Stewart acts gaily and uses lavishly her well-trained voice as Ganem? Who, in fact, has anything but thanks and admiration when he thinks of the wonderful Porcelain Ballet, with the flying Grigolati fairies, its countless pretty girls in lovely frocks—“rogues in Dresden china,” a dozen of them—the cascade of real water with myriads of changing electric-lights shining through, and the houris, flaming in yellow, seeming to dance on rays of light? Who has even a murmur at his command when he remembers the glories of “Love’s Golden Gate”? And really I had forgotten the donkey—a very comical creature, as you might expect, seeing that it takes in the pantomime two men to make one donkey, and it was very cleverly made by Messrs. Queen and Le Brun. There is also Miss Rita Presano, a newcomer who made quite a “hit” as Hassan-Hassan, who causes a disturbance at the annual meeting of the Forty Thieves, Limited, whose registered office is “Open Sesame,” Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, when it is found that there is no balance because managing director Captain Abdallah Dan Leno and the fair Zuleika Herbert Campbell have swallowed all the funds. Well, we may have had a surfeit, and even be wanting a pill in the shape of serious drama, but must admit that, on the whole, the indigestion was well earned, and the surfeit was a surfeit of good things, and among the best was the music cleverly composed, ingeniously arranged, and admirably and energetically conducted by the popular Mr. “Jimmy” Glover.

“DICK WHITTINGTON,” AT THE ADELPHI.

And now for a word or two concerning “Dick Whittington,” at the Adelphi. Mr. Oscar Barrett shows a tendency to a more lavish use of elementary humours than before; yet the story is told coherently and intelligibly by Mr. Horace Lennard, and the story of Dick is one of the most dramatic of the nursery tales. The most noticeable feature is the beauty of the work done by Mr. Wilhelm, the greatest theatrical costumier of our times. Do you wish for a real feast of colour, rich and strong, yet truly blended, or of colour tender, delicate, and refined? Then you have but to visit the Adelphi and see the Highgate Hill scene and the Slave Ballet, and you will have your wish fully gratified. What would some of the old painters who revelled in colour—a Turner, for instance—have given to see the gorgeous materials, rich in colour to the highest degree, moving in well-appointed lines so as to make a kaleidoscope a thousand times more wonderful than the wildest dream of its inventor! Perhaps you are chromato-pseudo-bleptic, or suffer from Daltonism and cannot tell green from red; if so, the Adelphi has other pleasures for you. What crackjaw names the doctors manage to give to the colour-blindness from which most of us suffer more or less! There is Miss Marie Montrose, a dainty, charming Alice, well worthy of the devotion of Dick—or Tom or Harry as well—and her sweetheart, Miss Amy Augarde, fully able to do justice to the pretty music composed and arranged by Mr. Oscar Barrett, who, as usual, has shown great ability as composer and arranger for the work. Furthermore, Mr. Fred Eastman causes hearty laughter by his comic efforts in the part of Cicely, the cook of Alderman Sir John FitzWarren, efforts which show some sense of restraint in humour. Miss Elsa Moxter is quite sure to take your heart: when she appears the ladies whisper, “What a little angel!”; and everyone is enthusiastic about her clever dancing. Miss Katie Vesey is another dancer who wins hearty applause. It has been hinted that the comic scenes are not worked up to “concert pitch,” but there seems plenty of raw material, and is no little too that as it stood caused roars of laughter, so by the time when these lines appear there will be no ground for complaint on that head by anybody. Consequently, it may fairly be said that Mr. Barrett once more gives us—on reasonable terms—an entertainment in which there is much of great beauty as well as plenty of fun, and a neat version of a truly popular tale.

“ALICE IN WONDERLAND,” AT THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

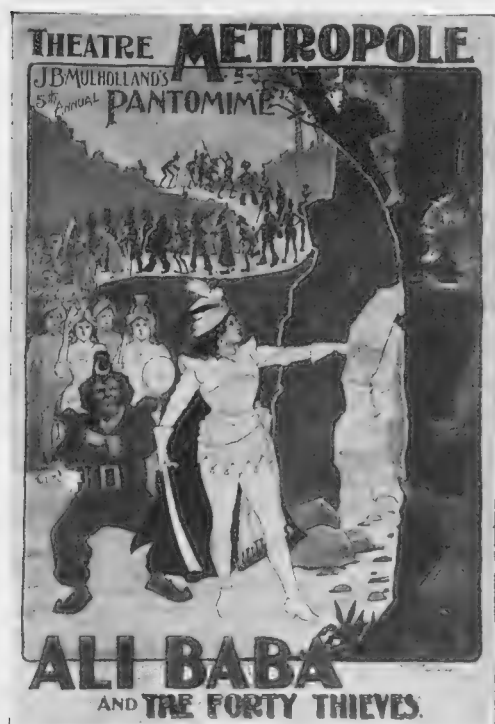
Among the entertainments of the season for children that must not be neglected is “Alice in Wonderland,” at the Opéra-Comique. The piece, of course, is not new, for the late Savile-Clarke made his clever version of the famous work some years ago, and it found favour. It is played very prettily. As Alice, Miss Rose Hersee—a name full of memories to the middle-aged playgoer—is quite charming, and seems to catch the character of the part perfectly; and Master de Becker is a most effective Dormouse. Phyllis Beadon, who plays the part of the Rose and the Second Oyster, is just nine years of age, and is as pretty as she is clever and graceful. Last year she took the first prize for elocution at Westminster Town Hall, following up that success by gaining premier honours as a skirt-dancer. She has been trained in elocution by Miss Anderson, in dancing by Mr. E. Gilmer, and in singing by Madame Alice Barth. Her short career chronicles her part on tour of Donald in “The White Heather,” and her pretty performance of the little girl in “School” with Mr. John Hare. She is a granddaughter of Sir Cecil Beadon. All the children have been excellently trained, and the appearance in costumes reproduced of course from the book is delightfully quaint. Mr. Walter Slaughter’s tuneful, pretty music is very well sung. By way of criticism, if it be criticism, one should hint that you had better read, or read again, the book ere seeing the piece, otherwise you may be a little puzzled. Nobody can grumble at paying such a delightful price to see so pleasant an entertainment.

Mr. Arthur Ernest Henry Eliot, the clever and energetic actor-manager to whose enterprise we owe the revival, is now only twenty-four years of age, though he has been on the stage for some few years, and had previously served in “The Queen’s Nave” for three years. He was born at Port Eliot, St. Germans, in Cornwall, the seat of his uncle, the Earl of St. Germans, and, after the usual education of an English boy, in which sport plays a prominent part, he went up for the Navy, and at once “got through,” and he has also served in the Militia, with the Duke of Cornwall’s Light Infantry. Then he decided to go on the stage, and made his first professional appearance at the Duke of York’s Theatre in “Baron Golosh,” after which he toured “The New Barmaid” company for eight months, but, preferring to remain in town, he accepted an engagement at the Criterion Theatre to play Lady Rosamund Tatton’s footman in “The Liars,” and, as soon as the run of that successful play came to an end, he began to work on his present production at the East end of the Strand. In it he is the jovial Hatter, and will certainly soon make his mark, for he has talent and appearance in his favour, and is earnest and hard-working. His wife is the White Queen, and she is the daughter of Major Egerton Parks-Smith, R.A.

“ALI BABA,” AT CAMBERWELL.

At the Theatre Métropole in Camberwell “Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves” forms the pivot of a pantomime which is almost free from

vulgarity, and which is not only full of fun, but contains some capital songs and dances. Mr. Mulholland has secured a clever company, including some charming girls as well as amusing comedians. Miss Lily Lena is very attractive and vivacious as Ali's son, Ganem, and Miss Flo Hartley, as the sprightly vivandière of the Forty, brings down the



house with a dance. Miss Agnes Delaporte is a handsome Captain, and sings patriotic songs with adequate fervour. The comic characters of Ali Baba and his wife are well personated by Mr. Harry Grattan and Mr. H. O. Clarey. The latter is steadily amusing without being too broad, and Mr. Grattan makes a "hit" in the travesty which they give of "The Musketeers." This is intended as a skit upon the supposed practice of the actor-manager and his wife to take to themselves all the speaking parts in a play. The other performers in the travesty are dumb, d'Artagnan speaking even the Duke of Buckingham's words. It is easy to detect whom Mr. Grattan seeks to

imitate. Another effective piece of acting is that of Mr. Augustus Wheatman as Cassim Baba when detected stealing gold in the cave, the scene being reminiscent of a passage in "The Bells." Mr. George Gray, in the character of the Lieutenant of the Forty, makes a plausible villain of the vain and cowardly type. Of course, there are topical allusions, not only to such general questions as the leadership of the Liberal Party, but also to the special interests of Camberwell, and, being free from malice, they are applauded by everybody. Among the dances, those of "The Merry Maids" are particularly attractive, and a witching song by the sentinels at the cave ought also to be mentioned.

MELODRAMA AT THE PRINCESS'S.

There were rumours that the Princess's Theatre was once more to be pulled down and to be rebuilt, but nothing has come of them, and, after a breathing-space, the house once more is offering melodrama of the particular brand that may be called "Princess's melodrama," since it differs in style from the melodrama of the Adelphi. "The Crystal Globe," for such is the title given by Mr. Sutton Vane to his version of "La Joueur d'Orgue," by Xavier de Montepin and Jules Dornay, seems to be half-a-dozen melodramas rolled into one—indeed, I doubt whether for many years the West End has seen such an incidentful piece. Things happen by the dozen during the acts, which tell of the murder of a virtuous engineer and the detection of the scoundrel. To tell the tale, or even to give the barest outline of it, I should



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND MISS ADELA MEASOR IN "THE GOLDEN WEDDING," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

require two or three columns, and even then might fail to tell exactly why the heroine gazes into the crystal globe of the Polish mesmerist; why she narrowly escapes death from fire, or even why, although she owns a comfortable little fortune in francs, she wanders about Paris with a hurdy-gurdy. There is a story concerning a man who gave up practice as a solicitor and became organ-grinder because he was fond of music, but I think that love of music had nothing to do with the caprice of Claire. However, the position of the audience at a melodrama is like that of the gallant Six Hundred, "Theirs not to reason why," and the house certainly enjoyed itself and the piece; it shuddered at the wicked mesmerist, howled with joy at every "bobbing-up" of virtue, and took the piece at what one may assume is the author's valuation. The acting of Miss Bella Pateman was quite the feature of the affair, and did her infinite credit; she knew exactly what was wanted, and she gave it. Mr. Laurence Irving almost presented a very fine performance as the mesmerist—a little less of pause and deliberation and his work would have been very impressive. Miss Lena Ashwell deserves higher work than the part of the heroine, which does not quite suit her curious, charming style. Master Robert Bottomley continues well his triumphant stage career, and makes quite a "hit." Apparently the Princess's will begin its new career successfully.

"THE EMPTY STOCKING," AT THE STRAND.

One of the prettiest pieces of child-acting now to be seen in town is Miss Edna Arnold's appearance in Mr. Fred Wright's curtain-raiser, "The Empty Stocking," at the Strand. Miss Arnold, though only seven, has been on the stage for six years. She is a real child who acts because she loves it, and even at her tender age is a "gageuse" of no mean attainments; but then she is the daughter of that clever comedian, Mr. Charles Arnold, who is so excellent in "What Happened to Jones,"



MISS EDNA ARNOLD IN "THE EMPTY STOCKING," AT THE STRAND.

Photo by the Rotary Photo Company.

while her mother, who is professionally known as Miss Dot Frederic, is also in the farce. Little Edna made her début when she was only a year old, as the child in "Hans the Boatman," for her father is as fond of children off the stage as on, and he naturally loved to have his own baby to "fool with": so little Tina was carried on by a servant, and the irresponsible Hans asked "to mind the baby while Missus goes shopping," and, though he had just made the best resolutions to mind his business instead of children, he takes the child, and, as he talked and sang to her, she would crow and laugh and talk the prettiest baby-talk, ride on a big St. Bernard, and feed him out of her own bottle. As Edna grew, and could walk, so the part grew, and was altered for her until she was too big to be carried on, and the first line she ever learnt before she played her present part, was, "Mother says, will you mind me while she goes shopping?"; yet, bit by bit, she worked the part of Tina into quite an important one, with lullabies, nursery rhymes, and all sorts of prettinesses, and in it she travelled all over the world, playing in India, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Tasmania, and America, as well as in the English provinces. So her talent has grown and grown, slowly but surely, under the sympathetic care of her parents, unfolding gently, like the petals of a flower, and, if to-day we have so charming a performance from this tiny bud, what may we not expect in the future? She loves her work, and loves to act, for she says all her "best times" have been her "plays on the stage with Father"; and there is little wonder that, with the faith and confidence of childhood, she still looks at the theatre through rose-coloured glasses, and very long may she be able to do so! Only the other night the writer of these lines saw her after her performance, at the close of which a doll, almost as big as herself, had been handed to her; she was very happy, and said she had that day "written to Santa Claus" to ask him to send her a doll's perambulator, but she feared it would "not be big enough for this."

WEMBLEY GOLF CLUB.

Twenty-two minutes' run by rail from Baker Street will bring one to Wembley Park Station and the country pure and simple. Turning to the left after leaving the station, five minutes' walk and the Club-House of the Wembley Golf Club is reached, a very commodious structure and



THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE WEMBLEY GOLF CLUB.

in keeping with its beautiful surroundings. Though built of iron and wood, the house is extremely pretty, and shows what can be done with these materials if the architect has an artistic spirit. Inside the house, which is very large, every convenience exists, including a fine billiard-room. Opposite the house is Harrow-on-the-Hill. Nearer at hand and just below is the home green, while slightly to the right is the first tee. The course is extremely sporting, and each of the eighteen holes requires careful play if the player wishes to return a record or a medal score. Barn Hill, the highest point, is celebrated as the most beautiful spot in Middlesex; at one time a convent stood here, and the traces of its foundations are distinctly visible. Glorious views extend on all sides—Stanmore, Mill Hill, Hendon, and Neasden near at hand, while, far away on the blue hills, Windsor Castle can be seen on a clear day. Founded in 1896, the club has gone steadily forward, and now numbers over three hundred members. Its President, the Marquis of Lorne, is himself a keen golfer, and takes his part in the Parliamentary Handicap.

Like all young clubs, Wembley has had its trials, not the least of which was the total destruction by fire of the Club-House on March 13, 1897, but the fire proved a blessing in disguise, as the house was already far too small to accommodate the members. The soil at Wembley is partly gravel and partly clay, but the whole course has been most thoroughly drained, the system employed being mole drainage, which, so far, has proved eminently satisfactory, and has made the course a very good winter one. The record for the green is seventy, held by that very fine player the late Mr. Franklin Ross, and this is hardly likely to be beaten. The club prizes include the Carlton Shield, on which is engraved the name of the monthly medal winner who hands in the lowest score after playing off for the gold and silver medals at the end of the year; the James Challenge Cup, match play under handicap, a replica of which goes to the winner; the Dewar Trophy for the best net score under handicap, held by the winner for the year, and numerous other prizes presented by the captain, the executive, and others.

The ladies' club is in a flourishing condition, and, like the men, they have their monthly Medal and Summer and Autumn Meetings. They play over the men's course, but with shortened tees, every day except Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays.



THE SIXTEENTH GREEN: THE HONORARY SECRETARY PUTTING.

THE PLEASURES OF SPORT.

Truly there be in Leicestershire they who share Mr. Jorrocks' opinion that "all time not spent in 'unting is wasted." Last winter a few enthusiasts started hare-hunting with a pack of beagles on moonlight nights; this season a spirited attempt has been made to revive the ancient sport of badger-hunting with basset-hounds, which will hunt the badger, but which respect his teeth far too highly to touch him if they come to close quarters. The new badger-hounds meet after dusk—after half-past four—when a bag-badger is turned out and given ten minutes' law. I am told that the quarry sometimes gives a run of five miles, or even more, whereby those sportsmen who enjoy racing on foot over a stiff country in the dark hugely enjoy themselves. If the badger has any sense of humour, he must rather enjoy it too, as in nine cases out of ten he finds safety underground, and is left in peace. In the tenth case he gets his back to a tree, and invites his pursuers to "come on," which they won't.

Wildfowling have been complaining bitterly of the mild weather, which has reduced their bags to insignificance, and the people in the country say that the decoys stand between London and a very limited supply of duck, widgeon, and teal. Even the decoy cannot endure very mild weather, and is quick to respond to a fall in the temperature. A friend of mine was getting no more than an average of ten birds a day from his decoy until the recent snap of frost, and then without delay the takings mounted to forty and even fifty. The man who goes out with a canoe and a punt-gun is most to be pitied, if you regard the punt-gun as a legitimate instrument in the shooter's armoury. I do not, but a sense of fairness that I endeavour to develop leads me to acknowledge he has had a trying time. A friend took a little cottage on the coast, where a river joins the sea, and has been getting up before daybreak and facing



THE TENTH GREEN AT WEMBLEY—A MIXED FOURSOME.

all the discomforts of the smaller hours to come upon the wildfowl at sunrise. He is a good shot, a good judge, and has plenty of patience. Last week I was in the country, and visited him. In a month he has not averaged a brace per day, though he secured eight teal with one shot and five widgeon with another. I left him praying for a sharp frost, and since then he has had it.

I see that, when Parliament meets, the Earl of Mayo is going to move a resolution in the House of Lords that the Constabulary shall be authorised to assist in the administration of the Game and Gun Licence Laws in Ireland. I sincerely hope that the resolution will be carried, for the present condition of affairs is a ludicrous scandal. Save on some few jealously watched estates, the Game Law in Ireland is a dead letter to all intents and purposes, and poaching is accepted as a matter of course by landowners who cannot afford to maintain a staff of keepers.

In the true interests of the country, an effort should be made to enforce the Game Laws. Whole counties in law-abiding Scotland live on the sporting visitors, and there is no reason in the world why Ireland should not have her share of shooting-men's patronage and money. As things are now, no man cares to take a shooting which is poached to the last feather almost with impunity. The Irish Game Protection Association has done something to make the law respected, but want of funds handicaps its labours. The very existence of such a body is eloquent of the condition of affairs.

A gruesome little anecdote comes from Penang. A big crocodile had been caught in the Klang River, and, as usual in the East, the creature was opened by its captors. It contained the remains of a man, and a ring and belt-buckle enabled one of the spectators to identify the victim as his own father, who had gone out fishing that morning. So the *Malay Mail* says. There is nothing the least unlikely or improbable in the story, strange though it may be.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 4, 5.3; Thursday, 5.3; Friday, 5.4; Saturday, 5.6; Sunday, 5.9; Monday, 5.10; Tuesday, 5.11.

Arrived in the peaceful but delightful townlet of Chudleigh, in South Devon, on New Year's Eve, after a pleasant two days' cycle run from Piccadilly Circus, I happened to pick up Mr. H. G. Wells's "Wheels of Chance," as I sat smoking after dinner in my cosy sitting-room at the local hostelry. The book seemed suited to the occasion, and I lazily turned over the first few pages. Gradually I became interested in the story, then rapidly deeply engrossed, and, when at last I finished reading the last page and closed the book with a bang, the bells of the village church were pealing merrily and the Old Year had reached the limit of its tether.

I am not surprised that the book thus carried me away, for truly "The Wheels of Chance" is one of the most charming stories that it has been my good-fortune to come across for many a month, and to the cyclist it appeals in particular. Deliciously humorous from the first page to the last, it has, nevertheless, a vein of genuine pathos running through it. I have read all Mr. Wells's productions, and to my mind "The Wheels of Chance" is one of the most delightful and satisfying. What cyclist has not, in the early stages of his cycling career, endured the agonies of cycling nightmare? The following is Mr. Wells's description of the complaint—

And then a memory of motion lingers in the muscles of your legs, and round and round they seem to go. You ride through Dreamland on wonderful dream-bicycles that change and grow; you ride down steeples and staircases and over precipices; you hover in horrible suspense over inhabited towns, vainly seeking for a brake your hand cannot find, to save you from a headlong fall; you plunge into weltering rivers, and rush helplessly at monstrous obstacles. Anon, Mr. Hoopdriver found himself riding out of the darkness of non-existence, pedalling Ezekiel's Wheels across the Weald of Surrey, jolting over the hills, and smashing villages in his course, while the other man in brown cursed and swore at him, and shouted to stop his career. There was the Putney beath-keeper, too, and the man in drab raging at him. He felt an awful fool, a—what was it?—a Juggins, ah!—a Juggernaut. The villages went off one after another with a soft, squashing noise. He did not see the Young Lady in Grey, but he knew she was looking at his back. He dared not look round. Where the devil was the brake? It must have fallen off. And the bell? Right in front of him was Guildford. He tried to shout and warn the town to get out of the way, but his voice was gone as well. Nearer, nearer! It was fearful! And in another moment the houses were cracking like nuts, and the blood of the inhabitants squirting this way and that. The streets were black with people running. Right under his wheels he saw the Young Lady in Grey. A feeling of horror came upon Mr. Hoopdriver; he flung himself sideways to descend, forgetting how high he was, and forthwith he began falling, falling, falling.



IN BUENOS AYRES.

I am told that there are a great number of cyclists in Buenos Ayres, mostly English. I am indebted to Miss Bagaley for this picture.

A correspondent writes—

The weather in Denmark is of the same mild and open character as that with which we have hitherto been favoured, and, in consequence, Copenhagen is still given up to bicycling. The Danes are fearless riders, and there are quite as many ladies to be seen cycling in the streets as are to be observed in any of our towns. They wear workmanlike short skirts and dark felt hats, as a rule, this winter, the latter enlivened by a bright wing or cheery-looking bow of some vivid colour. I am bound to add that there is a considerable anti-bicycle feeling in the Danish capital among the non-riders—brought about by the recklessness of some of the ladies who patronise the "bike."

Cycling for ladies is dealt with by the "Sunlight Almanac," a useful periodical which hails from Port Sunlight. A cyclist's lamp-lighting table for the principal towns of the United Kingdom is given. But why is Ireland omitted?

In spite of all that has been said and written with a view to eradicating ridiculous prejudices concerning cyclists and cycling, Lord Egerton of Tatton remains in a groove which runs parallel with that for which the Little Englander has long been so famous. The following

extract taken from the current number of the *N.C.U. Review* speaks for itself and deserves to be widely circulated—

Lord Egerton of Tatton [runs the paragraph] appears to be a gentleman who does not love cyclists, and it is perilous for wheelmen to come between the wind and his nobility. His lordship owns the village of Rosthern, which, being one of the prettiest spots in Cheshire, is a favourite resort of cyclists, much to his lordship's disgust. Some years ago an inn in the village provided refreshment for man and beast; but, by order of my lord, its hospitable doors were closed, and the clink of pewter was heard no more in the land. Latterly the villagers have taken pity on the cyclists who journeyed thither, and at the same time eked out their scanty incomes by supplying teas to the wheelmen and other sojourners within their gates. Now, however, an order has been issued forbidding the villagers to cater for the wants of cyclists on pain of incurring the wrath of their lord and master. The legend, "Teas provided here," has disappeared from the cottage windows, and the cyclist must proceed elsewhere for his humble meal and his modest quencher. Doubtless his Grace of Tatton is quite within his legal rights in acting in this fashion, and doubtless also the clubmen of the locality will be within the law if they charter an itinerant refreshment-van to perambulate the public roads in Rosthern and the vicinity, and supply therefrom tea, coffee, and light refreshments. I don't say that it is the intention of cyclists in Cheshire to form a small limited liability company with this object in view; but, if they do, the secretary may put me down as an applicant for at least one share, whether his lordship accepts the chairmanship of the company or not.

Letters containing inquiries upon the subject of cranks continue to reach me from many parts of England and Ireland, and lately I have received inquiries from abroad also. As a fact, the length of crank can be decided upon only by the rider himself or herself, for it would be absurd to suppose that a crank suitable for a man short in the leg and long in the body would fill the requirements of an individual built on the opposite plan. As a rule, however, a crank six and a-half inches in length will be found to suit the man of average height and build. provided, of course, that he does not insist upon having his machine geared up to seventy or eighty or so. And here I may mention that the craze for highly geared machines, which came into vogue last season, has been steadily dying during the last three months, as all practical cyclists predicted that it would. Next season the fashion will in all probability run to the opposite extreme, and several of our leading makers tell me that they already have orders for '99 machines that are to be geared as low as 55 and 56 for male customers, and several inches lower for ladies.

I am informed that arrangements are being made for the reorganisation of the Richmond Sheen House Club on a wider basis, and that, with the help of a large amount of capital, its popularity and its influence will be very largely increased, and the comfort of its members more closely attended to than hitherto has been the case. Moreover, it is the intention of the management to provide during the year a series of attractive entertainments, among which will be included tournaments, gymkhanas, cricket, tennis, football, bicycle-polo, and so forth, together with social gatherings. During last year the number of new members elected was nearly two hundred, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Hon. Harold Denison, Lady Perceval, Baron Schimmelpenniek van der Oye, Colonel Bury, Major-General Malcolmson, Major Benson, Captain Neil Haig, Earl Dundonald, Lady Amyée Clerk, Lady Violet Campbell, Sir Charles Metcalf, Colonel Hunter, Mr. Wilfred Bevan, Captain Neil Prendergast, and Mr. Cecil Fane, as well as many members of the Turf, Carlton, Boodle's, White's, Arthur's, St. James's, Devonshire, Cavalry, Ranelagh, Army and Navy, and other well-known clubs. Fresh nominations should be received not later than Wednesday the 18th.

When you are travelling by rail, if you ring the alarm-bell to stop the train without reasonable cause, you render yourself liable to a stiff penalty. This is a very necessary provision; otherwise nervous old ladies would stop the train on the slightest provocation, and render the unpunctuality of railway companies even greater than it is at present. But what is a reasonable cause? Where is the line to be drawn? If one is murderously attacked by a fellow-passenger, or if the carriage is found to be on fire, there can be no question as to the reasonableness of giving the alarm. But, in minor cases, it may be difficult to say what is reasonable and what is frivolous. A Frenchman travelling between Pontoise and Paris intended taking his bicycle with him, and deposited it with the rest of his luggage. As the train steamed out of the station, he saw his beloved wheel left disconsolate on the platform. His feelings were outraged. His Gallic blood boiled in his veins as with desperate energy he pulled the communication-cord. The guard, however, was obdurate, and, feeling certain nothing serious was the matter, declined to stop the train until the next station was reached. Matters were then explained, but not to the satisfaction of the cyclist, who was eventually sentenced to pay the moderate penalty of sixteen francs.

I have just read that the latest fashion in France for a cycling-costume—presumably a male one, though it may possibly refer to ladies' rational dress—is to have the entire suit made of leather. Speaking as a "mere male," I have always had a predilection for something porous, a light flannel suit for summer, and a warmer tweed for winter use, with flannel or cellular clothing for underwear. The tendency of cycling is to make one uncomfortably warm, and therefore ventilation is the point to be aimed for. Consequently, leather would be the worst possible material for cycling-clothes, being hot and admitting of no evaporation. If the Parisian cyclists are determined to adopt the fashion of their primeval ancestors, and clothe themselves in "coats of skins," they must needs be content to moderate their pace and *flâner à bicyclette*.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps will be known on Thursday, and, as I have said before, there is every reason to expect a record list. When it comes to guessing at the probable winners, due consideration should be given to the fact that horses trained at some quarters come to hand much earlier than they do at others. No doubt, Robinson, who has some fine, healthy gallops at Foxhill, is bound to be dangerous at Lincoln, and also at Liverpool. Of the Newmarket trainers, Watson and Hayhoe will try and get several horses fit for the earlier meetings, and the Hon. George Lambton is very likely to win some races at Liverpool, where Danbury is often dangerous. Captain Beatty, Marsh, and Porter are not likely to be dangerous before the Epsom Spring Meeting.

You have all, no doubt, heard of the "musical ride" at the Grand Military Tournament, but I had an experience the other day which beat that hollow. I was standing by one of the fences at a suburban race-meeting, when a jockey came along, on his horse, singing a very popular song. It is the first time I have heard this done, but it occurred to me that the tactics of the Pied Piper of Hamelin might be adopted with success in the case of bad-tempered horses. Why not attach a musical-box or barrel-organ arrangement to the saddle, and try the music where the physic has failed? In this particular, I may mention that Tod Sloan possesses a musical voice.

I have heard many racecourse critics assert, that the bookmakers are seldom able to get information about horses that is not equally open to the public. But the layers often do get exclusive items which they trade upon to their own immediate gain. It is not so many years since a warm favourite was being prepared for a big handicap, and the trainer of the horse was backing the animal all the time, as he thought the race all over bar shouting. But the market continued to tell a different tale, and the horse was a non-starter. It transpired afterwards that a leading bookmaker had in his possession a letter from the owner to scratch the animal when he pleased!

At the majority of the big race-meetings the leading railway companies are represented by agents, who give all particulars about the arrival and departure of special trains, the collection of luggage, and the issue of tickets. So far, good. I think, however, that the railway companies should combine and issue books of coupons available for the round of the meetings, the unused ones to be allowed for at the full rate charged. This would save the travelling public a lot of trouble, for nothing is more annoying than to arrive at a terminus, with a few minutes only to spare, and to find a crowd of several scores of people gathered round the ticket-office. Further, it would remove one of the opportunities for the pickpockets to reap a rich harvest.

An interesting little pamphlet could be written on Turf slang—I mean, the different words used by different classes of racegoers to apply to one thing. Now, we have all heard the term "having a plunge." Well, with the bookies, this is called "downing the dust." Many of the trainers term it "having the plaster on." The jockeys describe it as "putting up the show," while the boys term it "piling on the stuff." It is odd that the rank-and-file of racegoers cannot at any time call a spade a spade in dealing with speculative matters. A trainer will seldom tell you a horse "will win," even though the animal is your own. You can never get him beyond the "he's very well" stage.

The Continental list men have had a slack time this winter. The fact of the matter is, the English speculators have tired of picking double and treble events before the appearance of the entries, and the offers of £2000 to £1 the double have not caught on this year. In the meantime, the "playful little double" is a very attractive form of gambling on the course, and I heard of a case where one firm recently had to pay out more than £400 over the first two winners at a certain meeting. This little drawback would, I should say, upset any reasonable double-event book for the remainder of an average racing-day.

Backers often grumble about the in-and-out running of horses, but sometimes even the trainers of animals are put away by the owners. I have heard a story of a trainer who was so certain of an animal in his stable being able to win a cross-country event that, before leaving home in the morning, he telegraphed to his commission agent to put him on £25 each way. Arriving with the horse on the course, he told the owner that the animal could not be beaten, but the master put on a dubious air and expressed a different opinion. The latter gave the jockey his final instructions, and the horse finished down the course, but the trainer still thinks he could have won the race on his head!

A curious and interesting chapter of history is that which Sir Walter Gilbey contributes to the *Live-Stock Journal Almanack* for 1899. The author has made a study of "the Horse in History," and has unearthed numerous curiosities of legislation dealing with horses, all of which go to prove that, for about six centuries after the Norman Conquest, the

Sovereigns of England concerned themselves very earnestly in the matter of horse-breeding. The great object was to breed the animals we now use as cart-horses—no other breed could carry three or four hundred-weight of humanity and iron—and everything was sacrificed to this "Great Horse," or war-horse. Henry VIII. dealt as hardly with horses he had no use for as he did with wives in the same case: had his laws been carried out in the drastic spirit in which they were conceived, we should now have no New Forest, Exmoor, or Welsh ponies. Henry ordered the "forests, chases, moors, and waste lands" of England and Wales to be driven once a-year as if for game, and all small horses found thereon were to be destroyed. Fortunately, his officers were less zealous in carrying out this law than the King intended they should be. The book Sir Walter promises on this subject should be one quite as interesting to antiquarians as to "horsey" people.

Rory O'More is dead. He was only a steeplechaser, but none the less is he lamented by his master, Mr. C. Hibbert, and all sportsmen. He broke down badly at the water-jump in the Great Midland Steeplechase, and it was feared he had fractured his right shoulder, and so it was found necessary to destroy him. As a three-year-old, he won a hurdle-race at Sandown Park, and, the following season, blossomed into a steeplechaser of much promise, for, though he fell on the first occasion



RORY O'MORE.

of going across country in public, he was afterwards an easy winner of the Wentworth Steeplechase at Hurst Park in December. At the Manchester Easter Meeting of 1895 he won the Beaufort Steeplechase, and the following year he was a very easy winner of the Grand Sefton Steeplechase. He ran second to Cathal for the Saturday Steeplechase at Hurst Park, but training troubles supervened, and he had not been seen in public last year until coming out to run what proved to be his last race.

Several of our leading racecourse officials have, I regret to hear, been laid up of late, and I wish them one and all a speedy recovery. We racegoers have every reason to be proud of the men who keep the machinery going. They are above suspicion, and are all the time striving to do their duty faithfully, which means that they have to travel the country over the year round, facing all weathers, and not a few disappointments when entries do not come in fast or handicaps cut up in disappointing fashion. I think there should be a close time for racing officials, as there is at present for flat-race jockeys. I make the suggestion in the interests of the gentlemen themselves.—CAPTAIN COE.

CRICKET.

John Wisden's "Cricketers' Almanack" for 1899 has come out again, as it has done thirty-five times before, experience teaching it how to make its batting the better. It is curious, however, that Wisden still sticks to the photograph instead of the process-block, for the pasted photograph makes a very ugly page. The five great players of the season are given as W. Storer, A. E. Trott, C. L. Townsend, W. H. Lockwood, and W. R. Rhodes.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 11, 1899.

THE MONEY MARKET.

At this time money is always dear, for not only does everybody wish to end the year with a good bank-balance, but the banks themselves are anxious to make a good show, and the demand for accommodation is greater than at any other time. What is going to happen in the early days of the new year is the question which really interests the Market, and, although it is never wise to prophesy unless you know, we venture to anticipate that we shall have a short period of easy rates in the open market.

THE COMING YEAR AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Prices have been bounding up in nearly every department of late, but in the coming year we may reasonably expect even further improvement in some directions. Everything depends on the course of the Money Market, but, given fairly easy rates, we expect that the rise in Yankee Rails and in certain mining shares will make further progress, while Argentine securities, aided by the drop in the gold premium, should also show an all-round improvement; perhaps Brazilian and Greek bonds may also be expected to increase in value, while, for the moment, the holders of Rhodesian shares of all sorts would be foolish to sell.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

What a pity it seems that we cannot compare prices of to-day with those which will be ruling when the young year has grown old! As things are at present, all that one can do is to grope about in the dark trying to pierce the veil which lies over the Making-up prices of the last Contango-day in 1899, or, at least, attempting to forecast the near future of the market, unstable as water. The pace at which prices have been forced of late weeks seems rather to point to a temporary set-back in the near future, and before these lines see type the inevitable reaction may have come. That the market is a particularly "American" one is shown by the comparatively little public business that jobbers declare to be doing on this side of the water, although in Wall Street it was only the other day that nearly a million shares changed hands during a single "session." The cliques are busily at work with their own particular stocks, each one (to adopt the Kaffir Market phrase) "whacking its own donkey," and the various groups are each taking their turn on the "bull" tack.

After the reaction to which we have referred, we see nothing to hinder a further "bull" campaign, but let us earnestly caution would-be buyers against coming in on the top of a rise. It is playing blindfold into American hands, exactly what the Yankees want, and, when London begins to buy freely, sure and certain it is that the time is near at hand to get out. At present, however, as we have said, the British public takes a very languid interest in the proceedings of Wall Street, and, as conditions seem to point to favourable hopes as regards the American lines, it would not surprise us to see the more speculative counters advance on balance in the next three months. But there may be a shake-out first, and, of course, the market's course will be chequered by the ups and downs without which life in the Stock Exchange would indeed be a weariness of the flesh.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

The "Progressive Industrials" are looming large in the Miscellaneous Market at present. Liptons, Coats, Salmons, and the like come daily more and more into household demand, and the appetite of the market is constantly whetted by anticipations of further good things to come, of which Lipton (America) and Whiteley's are the two principal. It is remarkable that the speculation in Russian Oil, Schibaiëff and Baku shares, should have come to such an abrupt termination, but their places have been taken by the various Cotton issues, and by Liptons. Nor are the older Industrials neglected, a steady business being transacted in the "heavier" shares, and for these there seems good hope of improvement. It appears pretty certain that money will not become much cheaper, and accordingly the investing public are likely to buy sound Home Industrials up to an even smaller dividend-producing level than the present one. We consider that the man with a few hundreds to put into something which will yield him a fair rate of interest, say, 4½ per cent., with a reasonable hope of "an unearned increment" to his capital, cannot do better than consult the Commercial and Industrial columns of the Stock Exchange Official List, where he will probably find an investment suited to his purpose more readily than he will in any other part of that now improved price-list. Drapery concerns we should not advise; the weather of the last six months will probably leave its trail upon their balance-sheets, but such standard concerns as Aërated Bread, Bryant and May, Bodega, Waterlow and Sons, Cassell, and the like, are fairly safe to buy for putting away purposes. To go a step further, Bank shares are likely to improve as dividend-time approaches, and, if one can get rid of the nervousness attaching to the liability upon such an investment, a purchase of Bank shares is, we think, likely to be attended with very satisfactory results.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.

It is a little pathetic to read that the amount of capital which the public has been asked to subscribe to South African Mining ventures during the whole of 1898 was a paltry £1,933,000, or at the rate of about £16,000 a-month. Rhodesian enterprises have been still more modest in their demands, only £631,000 having been offered for public subscription. (It is more interesting than relevant to notice that Westralian ventures merely appealed for £20,000 during 1898, and this was

sought in the last month of the year.) In these figures may be read a whole sermon on the evils of premature booms, pragmatical Presidents, and the betrayal of public confidence. The year, however, finished brightly in the South African and Rhodesian Markets. Everyone seemed eager to hope for better things in store, and the Johannesburg "news" that has been furnishing copy for the sensational papers was calmly ignored.

The Rhodesian Market has laid the Kaffir Circus under a deep obligation, inasmuch that the revival of the latter is very largely due to the little stir that is taking place in the former. Chartered are once more in favour upon the golden opinions now being industriously circulated concerning some of its "babies." There are numerous tips about, causing the purchase of Dunravens, Bonsors, and the like, and for a while there exists fairly free dealings in the shares. It is just as well to state, though, that the Rhodesian Market has a remarkable capacity for "pinching out" when things are not going quite as smoothly as they should. A sharp rise has taken place in Globe and Phoenix, a company whose shares stood at 25s. when our special correspondent at Bulawayo told the *Sketch* readers that it was one of the best purchases for a lock-up to be found among Rhodesians. The price a few days back touched 3½. Chartered continue to be bought upon hopes of what Mr. Rhodes' personal presence will do for the shares when he is with us, which will be very shortly. Mr. Rhodes, however, has not lately erred on the side of optimism when discussing the country which bears his name—a fact which it may be as well to remember.

Another interesting tip, whose origin can be traced to Austin Friars, is that to buy Johannesburg Consolidated Investment. So successful has the company been in consolidating its investments, that no dividend has been paid since September 1897, and, with its unwieldy capital of nearly 2½ millions sterling, there seems small hope for the intrinsic value of that tip. We would rather buy Barnato Consolidated, which has never paid a dividend at all, but whose capital is less than half that of its sister company. Another favourite at the moment is East Rand, whose shares this week touched a record price since 1896. We are inclined to think that East Rands are standing at their full value, and speculators who have a profit on them might do worse than take it.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The Stock Exchange returned from its turkey and plum-pudding with the plain intention of making things hum all round. Why shouldn't they hum? Was not everyone talking cheerfully about the New Year's Boom, and who so base as not to wish to be "in it" when it did arrive? The amount of "bullish" talk which pervades the atmosphere of Gorgonzola Hall is as remarkable as it is unusual. Remarkable it is principally because, beyond the sentiment I have just alluded to, there is little to justify a particularly optimistic view of things in general. A man need not be a constitutional "bear" to think that the pace in Americans has been a wee bit too fast of late; that the Home Railway dividends may probably prove disappointing; that the political outlook abroad is not quite all *couleur de rose*; and that the Transvaal is hardly the place where one would seek for perfect peace. Nevertheless, that vague feeling of hope which is always identified with Mr. Micawber does certainly extend all round the House, and, so far, it has proved an excellent corrective to the morbid fears of dearer money which are usually in evidence at the end of the year.

The annual squeeze for cash has, of course, been with us, but stiffer Contangoes had little or no effect in restraining the yearning of the markets for something better and higher in the way of prices. Curious it is nowadays to see what kind of stuff the banks will lend money on, considering how particular these institutions used to be in days gone by, when competition had not reached its present keenness. How shocked, for instance, would some of the old stagers have been could they have foreseen the day coming when Bank of England names should be passed for shares in such a concern as a Russian Oil company, and one whose securities have lately formed a lively fluctuating market! It may, of course, be an investment *pur et simple* upon the private behalf of two gentlemen connected with the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," but it looks uncommonly like "security" for a loan. However, anything which happens to boast a quotation in the Official List is now regarded favourably in most bank parlours, except some of the Mining shares and kindred securities.

The long-expected "House on Sport" has, at length, made its very attractive appearance, in scarlet cloth and gold devices on the cover. The nature of the book is sufficiently indicated by its title, as the financial papers say in their notices of new companies. There are over forty chapters each upon a different branch of sport, and each contributed by a member of the House who is an authority upon that particular branch upon which he discourses. The book is admirably got up and illustrated, and its sale should add largely to the receipts of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund, in whose aid it is published. I should like to quote lots and lots from this most interesting book, but you must get a copy for yourself; the publishers are Gale and Polden, Limited, of 2, Amen Corner, E.C. One of the most readable articles is that on Cycling, wherein Mr. G. Lacy Hillier, of 1881 fame, chats pleasantly of his favourite pastime, telling now, with a laugh, how the captain of a London club once made a road-record at such a pace that the "milestones looked like the teeth of a comb," now poking quiet fun at the "marvellous inventions of Stock Exchange geuiuses," and, withal, eminently practical throughout his chapter.

A capital article on Mountaineering is contributed by Mr. J. O. Maund, who rhapsodises upon the charms of glaciers and ice cliffs and towering crags. There seems a kind of incongruity between the Stock Exchange and that "mountain bivouac high above the din and rattle of the busy world beneath," where Mr. Maund speaks of spending the night with some trusty companion, as they "watch the light fading on the peaks above. Then gradually, as the stars begin to peep out one by one, the sounds of the little glacier rills become stilled by the keenness of the night air. Now and again the boom of some falling stone breaks the stillness. As the evening advances, even these late wanderers are arrested by the frost that grips them far above, and perfect silence reigns around." Very pretty and romantic, is it not, although a petty stickler for realism might urge that "the slump of some falling stone" would have been more correct, if hardly so suggestive? The book is readable from cover to cover, from Archery to Yachting, and forms a substantial addition to the sportsman's library.

The Grand Trunk Market has been pursuing its usual policy of going from bad to worse, and then to suddenly better again, before anyone in the least anticipates it. I understand that there is still a fairly large account open for the rise in the provinces, notably in Glasgow, where Firsts and Seconds have played havoc with the bawbees of the canny Scot. It does not seem even yet that all the trouble is over in Glasgow which was brought about by the Pattison collapse,

and the "bull" position in Trunks is a somewhat unsteady one, liable to be violently shaken by influences quite apart from those of traffic or rates. The market is an excellent one for "jobbing" in—that is to say, for buying when its stocks are flat, and selling when they are not; but the S.P.Q.R. system involves being constantly on the spot, and occasionally, too, involves the payment of heavy differences. As an investment, I think Trunk things are quite high enough; as a speculation, it is safe advice to say, sell after a rise, and *vice versa*.

Let me extend a glad welcome to the Official List of the Stock Exchange under its new form. The name also has been slightly changed, and, for a little while, at all events, the List will be less clumsy than it has lately been. The number of pages is increased, but the length has been diminished, and this may facilitate the search of the investor in wading through the unhappy ground of bewildering figures. I know many a fellow-member of the Stock Exchange who would be at an entire loss to know where to look for the price of Chartered, for instance, and the Official List is a cause of perplexity to people whom one would imagine to be in perfect touch with its columns.

If the List is to be improved, why should not an index be added? The thing would be simple enough, and enterprising publishers like Mathieson's can turn out a complete copy of the List, with the addition of an index—a thing which more than doubles the value of the publication. There would be difficulties in the way, of course, but none of an insurmountable character. And another suggestion I would make lies in the way of bringing the official quotations more up to date. It is absurd to send out the price of Gas "A" stock at a 4 or 5 per cent. margin when actual dealings take place at a difference of only 1 per cent., or even less. In the usual way, a broker is able to deal "in between" the List quotation, and thus to satisfy his client by neither buying at the highest nor selling at the lowest of the extreme prices marked; but, on the other hand, a wide price is frequently quite enough to restrain an investor from backing his fancy, lest he should get caught in one of the "no market" concerns which he so greatly dreads.

It is to be hoped that the value of the Official List will come to be more recognised with this improvement in size and appearance, which dated from yesterday. To country investors, it might be of far more use than it is, since, with all its faults, the List is a fairly faithful record of Stock Exchange fluctuations day by day. Investors in the country should ask their brokers to send them an occasional copy. It costs us one penny after the first List, for which sixpence is charged, but nearly every stockbroker is a subscriber, and an extra copy or two each week makes very little difference. An attentive study of its pages would save, perhaps, a good deal of disappointment, although it might occasion this identical feeling among the bucket-shop fraternity who fatten on the unwary "client in the country." Any company can obtain a quotation therein by complying with the Stock Exchange Committee's requirements, and if an Industrial is not named in the List, I should rather like to know the reason why before buying that company's shares. There are, unhappily, plenty of black sheep within its folds, but this does not alter the fact of there being a guarantee that certain formalities and restrictions have been undergone by those companies whose shares figure in the List.

The steady absorption of Miscellaneous concerns still goes on apace. After the rapid rise in Lyons, it is but fair that Salmon and Gluckstein should also have a turn, and rumour saith that the shares will go to 3 very shortly. I should sell at 2½. Liptons came strongly to the front upon the expected advent of the American Company, the shares in which, hope the "bulls," will be offered to English shareholders in the original concern at a price which will give the latter a handsome bonus. The idea is also gaining ground that Lipton may get the "exploitation" of the wines of Victoria. A. J. White ("Mother Siegel's Syrup") has declared its usual shilling a share dividend. The shares now stand at 17s. 6d., but I hear that the block (nearly a third of the issued capital) which had to be sold during Mr. White's illness has now been disposed of, and that the company's backers mean to put up the price to par (£1), at which it stood twelve months ago. There was a good demand for the shares when the House resumed business after the Christmas holidays. "Quite appropriately," as a dyspeptic jobber observed to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE KLONDYKE MINING AND TRADING CORPORATION.

This company presents a good example of a case in which disastrous results have come about without the blame being in any real sense attachable to the directors. We are not in love with Klondyke ventures, and have never advised any reader of these columns to invest either in this company or any other connected with the Yukon or Klondyke region, so that we cannot be accused of any undue partiality to the venture. The profit and loss account shows a debit balance of about £26,000, which is by no means encouraging as the result of eighteen months' work; but, when we come to examine the cause of this unfortunate outcome of the company's labours, we are obliged to confess that even Mr. Wilson, of the *Investor's Review*, would find it hard to accuse the directors of anything but bad luck.

The Klondyke is one of the most inaccessible parts of the earth, and three routes were open to the company to send up its goods for trading purposes. The Board chose the Stikine River route, which the Government of Canada recommended, and, in consequence of rotten ice, snowstorms, and suchlike natural difficulties, the bulk of the goods were lost, together with the lives of some of the party in charge of them. It is true that, by other routes, success has been attained by other traders, and possibly the Board made a mistake in selecting the Stikine River as the means of approach to the goal at which they aimed; but, as Sir Charles Tupper showed at the meeting, if, indeed, they erred, they did so in company with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Dominion Government, so that any body of shareholders would, decidedly, have been unreasonable who had visited such an error of judgment with censure. Beyond the heavy loss caused by the unfortunate Stikine River expedition, the company appears to have done fairly well; but shareholders must not forget that such an enterprise as they are engaged in is of a most risky character, and that those who engage in such trading must not cry if they do not make a fortune.

THE WOES OF A CITY EDITOR.

Among the most exasperating troubles which a City Editor has to suffer from is the fact that it is almost impossible for him to even answer a correspondent on the subject of any particular investment without being deluged with a mass of papers from other persons interested in the

security, proving, or endeavouring to prove, that what he has said is wrong, or that he has not praised the concern sufficiently.

A fortnight ago a country correspondent asked us about Boots, Limited, and we replied that it was a chemist's business started in 1892, which had paid good dividends ever since, besides building up a reserve fund of £30,000, and we added that, in our opinion, it was a fair industrial risk. Most people would have thought the answer should have proved satisfactory to the company, but the Managing Director is not of this opinion, sends us a mass of literature and a long letter demanding that, in fairness to the concern, "an extended and more up-to-date report of the progress of Boots, Limited, should be inserted in an early issue of the paper." We suppose that every person considers his lame duck a beautiful swan, but we feel bound to point out to the Managing Director that not one reader in ten thousand is interested in his company, and that to even give an exhaustive summary of the last meeting, balance-sheet, and profit and loss account would take about a column of our space. We are glad to be able to say that the reserve fund is now £46,000, not £30,000 as stated by us; that the net profit was to Sept. 30 last £16,946 for the year, and that, in addition to the business of Chemists and Druggists, the company also trades as Mineral-Water Manufacturers and Stationers.

If, even when a favourable answer is given, the persons connected with the company are not satisfied, how much more is this so when unfavourable mention is made! Suggest that, on the figures of a report, the dividend declared is not justified, and, as a rule, a lawyer's letter reaches you by the next post, saying that you have accused the directors of fraud, and that, unless you apologise, you must expect to be ruined by heavy damages. Advise a shareholder not to join a reconstruction, because the concern has been a failure for the last five years, and you see no reason to expect any good from the new company, and the liquidator sends pages of remonstrance, experts' reports, and literature enough to keep you employed in digesting it for a whole evening, until the unhappy Editor determines never again to be incautious enough to mention names in his Correspondence Column.

ISSUE.

Natal Three per Cent. Consolidated Stock.—Tenders are invited for £1,000,000 Natal Three per Cent. Stock at a minimum of 94, and at any such price, or even at a point more, the investment appears to us a really good one. The financial statement of the Government shows that the net revenue of the railways is more than enough to provide for the interest and sinking fund on the whole of the public debt of the colony. The Three and a-Half per Cent. Stock of Natal stands at about 106, so that the present loan appears worth an investor's while to look after, and offered at a fair price.

Saturday, Dec. 31, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WATERLOO.—Both questions you ask refer to mere gambles, of course. We should be inclined to realise Norfolks and to hold the other stock for a bit better price.

W. H. R.—Your letter was answered on Dec. 29.

BLANK.—(1) The mine appears to be a sound affair, and from the report we should think that the shares might be a sound speculative investment. The directorate is bad, and the group to which the concern belongs is not fashionable just now, hence probably the low price. (2) As a gamble, we think you might make money out of Market Trusts if you will harden your heart and take a couple of shillings profit; but don't be too greedy.

R. M.—We are greatly disappointed with the company you name. It might be worth while to average.

J. S. C.—As a gamble, we think well of the shares, but if you can take a small profit out of them, do so.

A. R. H.—There is no real risk in dealing with either of the Insurance Companies you name. We prefer the North British.

T. H. E. B. (Pretoria).—We really cannot undertake company-promotion, or recommend anyone for the purpose.

VERITAS.—The company you mention would not be good enough for our money. The Ocean Accident or the Railway Passengers' Insurance Companies would be better.

COOMBE.—We really cannot discuss in this column the question of whether the present is a good time to sell Transvaal properties. Our opinion is against your succeeding with any promoter just now.

ANXIOUS.—The company was always a swindle, or, at least, we should think so from the people behind it. Cut your loss, and have nothing to do with the reconstruction.